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[THE BYSTANDER, FEBRUARY 24, 1937.

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The Bystander

*Anthony*

## Vera Zorina—Star of "On Your Toes"

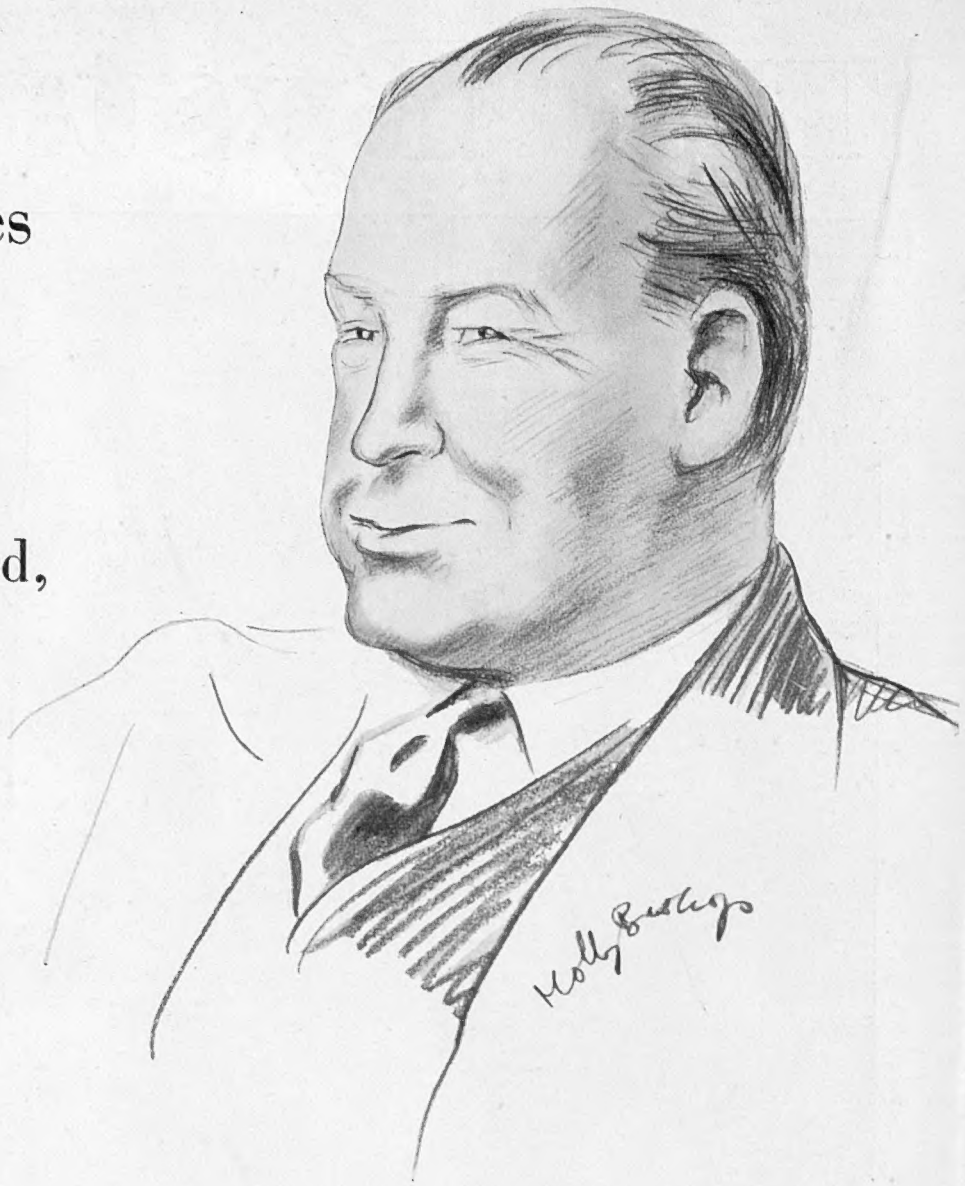
She is young, really lovely, and a fine dancer: that was known before. What reveals itself for the first time in *On Your Toes* is her talent as an actress and her irresistible gift for burlesque. Her dancing in the "cod" ballet is one of the cleverest and most amusing things in any musical comedy. Zorina (a Norwegian-born Russian whose real name is Brigitte Hardwicke) first came to England as Brigitta, danced for a time with Dolin, then went to America and was engaged by de Basil for his company about two years ago. She had important parts in a number of ballets, *Choreartium* and *Le Beau Danube* among them. She left the company soon after their 1936 London season, and accepted the musical comedy offer that has given her star rank in London. *On Your Toes*, which is at the Palace, is reviewed on pp. 293-4 this week

# More Celebrities in Cameo

## No. 8

## Sir William Crawford,

K.B.E.



"BILL" CRAWFORD may look a bully, but he is nothing of the sort. Despite his jutting jaw and glinting betel eyes, and the almost menacing way in which he draws up a chair and leans over the table as if to throttle you, "Bill" is a very kindly fellow, generous, sensitive, and with the soul of a poet. The most extraordinary part about him is that his life was a succession of failures for the first thirty-eight years. Then in the past twenty years he made his fortune.

SON of Bailie Crawford of Glasgow, he did no good in his father's own business. A visit to South Africa in search of a career was no more a success than the twelve months he spent with a firm in Liverpool. After another six months looking for a job in Fleet Street he started at a pound a week in a small advertising firm since incorporated with Dorland's. After six years he was still only earning six pounds a week. Three more years at another agency and he was still only earning four hundred pounds a year. Then he set up for himself in a single room with a single typist and a single office boy, and the war started. This nearly finished him. For another two years he scrambled for pennies. But he found his true métier in advertising. Manufacturers suddenly decided that it was no use to save money, and so they started to spend freely and to use his services in advertising. From that moment his business grew by one hundred thousand pounds a year. To-day he employs one hundred and eighty people, has his own freehold building in High Holborn, and a knighthood conferred on him in 1927 for his services with the Empire Marketing Board.

ALMOST a misogynist in private life, "Bill" Crawford nevertheless is a firm believer in the value of women employees. Advertising, especially, he regards as a domestic science, and so there is an unusually large number of highly-paid women on his salary-list. There are two keys to the door of his success. One is his readiness to delegate authority; the other is an amazing irrational intuition which defies all the laws of logic in arriving at the correct solution of an advertising or sales problem. He is also helped by the fact that he is a high-grade salesman himself, and has a gift for soothing or creating irritation at will among his staff. If blunt, he is rigidly honest.

HIS peculiarities include a horror of seeing full ash-trays; a fountain-pen that is never filled; and an obsession for keeping the door to his private office always open, for all to enter. "Bill" Crawford is a megaphone for the English, in whom he believes 100 per cent., but thanks Providence that he is a Scot with a Glasgow accent which even a year at Frankfort a/M could not tame. He is a great and a sound public servant. He is a keen follower of Chelsea Football Club; never flies in an aeroplane since the time he crashed in 1926; prefers to take his holidays in France; raises immense sums yearly for charity, which is his real hobby. He loves and understands advertising, likes hard work, good food, autobiographies, Charles Laughton, tidiness, Robert Burns, Kipling, big cities, and Monday mornings. He never takes a drink before sunset, even at a wedding; hates formality; is always tidying up; shouts when angry, screws up his eyes when amused; and always prefers to form a rude basis of friendship with you rather than to be on merely polite terms.

**Charles Graves**

# Homines Sapientes

Spending £1,500,000,000 on armaments may be "arming for peace": there's no such comforting phrase to describe the business of learning to wear gas-masks. Preparing for war is our mad world's preoccupation; Post Office workers on parade at the civilian anti-gas school at Eastwood Park in Gloucestershire show how attractive we'll all look in Armageddon dress

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

THE House of Commons, after a month of somnolence, rallied in force to listen to the Chancellor's exposition of his gigantic loan for national defence. Mr. Chamberlain said that the only real justification for this loan and the expenditure was the extraordinary times in which we live. The whole world is arming, and we must arm too. Our ships must be new, our ammunition-reserve adequate, our technical equipment up to date. The total expenditure on armament during the next five years which Mr. Chancellor is contemplating is no less than £1500,000,000. "And even that may not be enough," he added, with a sort of gloomy menace. It was impossible not to get the impression that, though the gloom might be for the British taxpayer, the menace was for the foreigner. "Britain against the world" was the atmosphere.

In reply to the Chancellor, the Labour Opposition was dismally feeble and long-winded, and it was left to Sir Archibald Sinclair, the debonair and brilliant Highlander who leads the Liberal remnant, to pound Mr. Chamberlain. This Sir Archibald did, in one of the best speeches of the session, in a good and hearty fashion, and at one point he succeeded in entangling the great man in a trap from which there was simply no escape.

THE debate on the Defence Loan went into a second day and gave Mr. A. V. Alexander, who was First Lord of the Admiralty in the Labour Government, a chance for some vigorous eloquence. Sir Thomas Inskip was very milk-and-water in reply, but the House was not really interested in him. It was waiting for the Prime Minister to wind up the debate, which he did in that curiously impressive way of his. He said nothing in particular, but said it so well that a packed House listened in dead silence to every word.

The general impression that I got, after listening to every word of the debates of the two days, was that we are once again telling the world what we can do if we are put to it. "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo, if we do!", was the theme-song, plugged in by every speaker on the Conservative benches. And perhaps they are right.

But the question—the supreme question—what are we going to fight for, was left unanswered. Are we to tax ourselves for the next generation in order to defend ourselves against all-comers, or are we relying on the system of collective security within the frame work of the League? No one seems to know.

THE first repercussions of the Defence Scheme on the main foreign capitals have been very interesting and characteristic. Berlin has labelled it "kolossal" and, as always, is profoundly impressed by the sheer magnitude of it. Paris is naturally delighted. The ultimate strength of our vast new Navy and Air Force is an additional safeguard of French security. Rome, on the other hand, is obviously staggered and bewildered. After a year or so of screaming to the world that the British lion is a mangy and worn-out creature, it is going to be a little difficult to explain to the credulous citizenry exactly how this dismal veteran has suddenly sprung into action with such a thunderclap. Washington seems to regard it as certain proof of the nearness of the final catastrophe. If non-alarmist Britain has become alarmed, runs the argument, then the explosion may take place at any moment.

*Sir Edward Marsh, K.C.V.O*

*"The knighthood came as a surprise to me," said this intrepid Civil Servant and inveterate first-nighter after he had been invested at Buckingham Palace and made a K.C.V.O. He is sixty-four and has been in the Service for forty years, holding numerous private secretary-ships; his latest one to Mr. Malcolm MacDonald was also his last, for he retired last Monday week*

AT last the Non-Intervention Committee has agreed to ban volunteers for Spain, and this decision has had a mixed reception. Some commentators hail it as a triumph for Mussolini, who, they say, has sent all the men he wants into Spain, and now would like the door bolted against anyone else. Some hail it as a triumph for French firmness, which has again made the dictators toe the line. Rome describes it as a victory for hustling and energetic Grandi over democratic obstructionism. And presumably some credit must go to Lord Plymouth. The only point that remains to be decided is whether there is any credit available to go to anyone.

ROUMANIA'S firm stand against the diplomats who attended a Fascist funeral in Bucharest is very interesting indeed, and may be of even more importance later on. German commercial penetration of the Balkans has been in full swing for several years, and it carries with it, as usual in a modern totalitarian state, political penetration. Roumania is one of the key-points in Eastern Europe. At one time closely connected with France, it later swung over somewhat to Germanic influences. If it is really swinging back, as it appears from this incident, to anti-Fascist democracy, it may go a long way towards the frustrating of the dangerous activity in Hungary against the democratic republic of Czechoslovakia.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* has solved the mystery of the unknown aeroplane which has twice appeared over the city and performed aerobatics amid clouds of smoke from its exhaust. It is a hoax of the Austrian army which set out to prove that the police could do nothing

*Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson*

*These two stormy petrels, one of politics, one of art, who both seem to have settled down to a staider outlook nowadays, were photographed at Nevinson's exhibition. It is at Redfern's Galleries, is called "Twenty-five Years of Painting," and is representative of the artist's many-sided interests and talents*

to defend Vienna from aerial attack, and that the air-defences ought to be handed over to the army. They certainly proved their case, for the aeroplane twice hovered over the city for half an hour each time, and not only did the police do nothing about it, but even failed to identify the make and nationality of the machine. Meanwhile, the excited populace began to see the Hammer and Sickle of the U.S.S.R. in the smoke-screen, and from there it was only a step in mass-hypnosis to the identification of the aeroplane as a Russian war-machine.

A NEW steel-works is to be built in the Lincolnshire fens at Scunthorpe. Nothing could more perfectly illustrate the scandal of Jarrow. Last year, when a scheme was organised for a huge steel-works in the derelict area on the Tyne, where labour, coal, railways, and the sea are all at the door, so to speak, the Iron and Steel Federation virtually killed it. The steelmen of Tees-side did not want competition from Tyneside. So they all united to say that there was not sufficient demand for steel to justify a new works. Now the world is screaming for steel, and a new works is vitally important. But it is going to be built in rural Lincolnshire, not in distressed Jarrow. Scunthorpe is a nice, safe distance from Tees and Wear.

MAINTAINING my unbroken hundred per cent. record of failure as a prophet, I wrote the other day that bloodshed would infallibly—or words to that effect—break out in the American motor-factories where the "sit-down" strikes are in progress, and that a settlement was not in sight. I need hardly add that the employers were so impressed by the solidarity and strength of the workers that they hesitated to use the traditional strong-arm methods of American employers in the past, and so there was no bloodshed, and that the strike has been suddenly settled by negotiation.

TOM MOONEY is once again trying to get out of the Californian prison in which he has been lying for the last twenty years. Mooney was sentenced for a crime which everyone now agrees he did not commit, and was the victim of one of the most scandalous police frame-ups, backed by wholesale perjury, that have ever been brought to light. We have no right, however, to throw stones at a system of justice which allows Mooney to be kept in prison. Oscar Slater served eighteen years in the Peterhead jail.

I AM astonished that a journalist of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's immense learning and experience should trot out in a Sunday newspaper the old story that the taxpayer has to put his hand into his pocket to pay for the monarchy. This is complete nonsense. When the Monarchy exchanged the old Crown Lands for a fixed income, the taxpayer made a wonderful bargain. For a sum of only a little more than half-a-million pounds a year, he got lands which have steadily risen in value until now they bring in a revenue of about a million and a half.

IN the Understatement Department, the prize goes this week to the leader writer in the *Evening Standard*, who announced that Gibraltar had been a British possession for more than a century. Of course, he was perfectly accurate. It has been a British possession for more than a century, but as the Rock was captured in 1704, the cautious fellow might have said that it has been a British possession for more than two centuries, and he would still have had thirty-three years to play with.

IT may seem eccentric to walk for about a year in a lofty manner past the doors of a West End theatre where a famous success is being played, and then to take my life in my hands and venture as far as Streatham to see it, but there is a vague sort of method in my eccentricity. The play was *After October*, by Mr. Rodney Ackland, and I heard by chance that the author was acting in it himself at Streatham. Craftsmen in one craft are rare enough. Craftsmen in two are gifts from God, so I went to Streatham, heavily armed, with passport, letter of credit, bullet-proof waistcoat, and recommendation to mercy from my Member of Parliament, to see for myself if Mr. Ackland was one or the other or both. I was well rewarded for my temerity. He is both. *After October* is so near to the strange quality of *The Cherry Orchard*, with a strange, haunting, sad gaiety of its own, that it stands out a mile that Mr. Ackland is going to be something pretty big in the play-writing profession. He acted beautifully, too, and so did the rest of them—Leonora Corbett, Iris Baker, John Ruddock as the superb Bloomsbury poet, and Mary Clare. And Streatham is a nice place, too. But a long way away.

*The Easier Side of Ambassadorship*

*Is watching Army tournaments and races from a front seat (and being photographed at it), as Sir Miles and Lady Lampson demonstrated at the Egyptian Army tournament at Abbassia. King Farouk, who celebrated his seventeenth birthday the same week, presented the prizes: he leaves for a European visit (Winter Sports, Paris Exhibition, and Coronation) at the end of this month*

*Amy Johnson, by Cowan Dobson*

*England's No. 1 flying woman is having her portrait painted by Cowan Dobson, and here are sitter, picture and artist in his Edwardes Square studio*

*The Harder Side of Authorship*

*Is tight-rope walking in high-heeled shoes to collect local colour for a new circus book, as Lady Eleanor Smith demonstrated, with the help of Con Colleano, the great Spanish maestro of this art*

# Going Out to Goings-On

## The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

A PARTY collected itself one night in London, determined on a breath of really old-fashioned hilarity in Paris, and by devious routes (meaning the air and the new ferry service) we arrived two days later in the Gay City.

A suite at the George V., and an endless stream of flowers, French food, champagne, and visits to every accessible "boîte," made forty-eight hours seem like being born again in a bright new world.

The bar in the hotel we called "home" is famous and amusing, but we had to call on Frank at the Ritz twice a day, even if only for tomato-juice and an olive. Meals happened at incredible hours (such as coffee at midday, lunch at three, and dinner at ten). We were too tired to sleep, and we were mislaid for hours in the Channel fog on Sunday night, but nothing mattered at all, and we had a divine time.

### *Charmingly Grown-up*

AT lunch at La Belle Aurore we saw Lord Duncannon, who went over by the ferry; Captain Archie Crabbe and his attractive Canadian wife, nicely browned by the sun at Scheidegg; Mr. Derek Morley and Mr. David Heneage, gradually on the homeward trek after a semi-business, semi-pleasure trip round Europe.

At Florence's, we saw the Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn, wearing a lovely black lace dress, in a party which included that charmingly grown-up child, Miss Florrie Owen. She deserves the epithet, because, although very young, she has better manners and more poise than many grown-up "girls" ever manage to achieve.

### *A Good Companion*

MR. and Mrs. Bobbie Kirkwood, too, were here, there and everywhere.

He looks like Laddie Sanford, and is the best combination of a hard-working business man and a playboy that we know. In other words, when he works, he works; and when he plays, he plays. His attractive wife is fair, slight, and well-turned-out.

Flower decoration is one of her hobbies, and in their charming house in Eaton Place you see bowls and vases arranged with such artistry that you think the great Mrs. Spry must pay a daily visit.

### *Typically British!*

EATING oysters at Prunier's before the first night of *Wise To-morrow*, we happened on Nigel Tangye, that tall, fair, good-looking young man who writhes when called the best dancer in London (so "poodle-faking"), and was responsible for all the miraculous flying effects in *Things to Come*.

He is now interesting himself in a new film company called British Unity Pictures, in which (typically) a German, Kurt Bernhardt, is the director, and Czechoslovakian Eugene Tuscherer the producer.

We went out to Ealing the following day, and watched the filming of the first picture they are doing; no other than the old *Girl in the Taxi*, with Frances Day, Jean Gillie, Mackenzie Ward, and Henri Garat in the leading parts. A cabaret scene in the Moulin Rouge was being shot, and we were struck with the enormous charm of the lilting melody that enchanted London for so long when the play was a play. Two versions are being made at the same time, one French, one English, Henri Garat doubling his part.

Nigel Tangye spent three weeks in Spain recently, and wrote an eagerly anticipated book in that amazingly short and hectic time.

### *Two Lovely Dresses*

LUCIENNE BOYER'S opening at the Café de Paris last Monday, was the occasion of much entertaining, and a great welcome for the charming French star.

Still faithful to her deep royal-blue dresses (she must have dozens in the same colour), she wore an interesting sort of tea-gown that night, with long, full, shirred sleeves.

Many people came on from the Doyle-Staal fight, including Lord and Lady Plunket, who were giving a farewell party before sailing on the Queen Mary next day. Merle Oberon, wearing one of the loveliest dresses we 've ever seen, was at their table. It was made of dull white stuff embroidered round the high neck and the long sleeves with glittering multi-coloured stones. Brian Aherne, "Frankie" More O'Farrell, and Jim Lawrence were also in the party.

### *General Post*

ACROSS the floor a couple of newly-marrieds, the Jimmy Ritchies and Drury Lowes, the Nigel Gunnises, and Lord Brecknock had joined forces. Mrs. Gunnis as usual, was one of the loveliest women present, and we liked her coat and skirt of shiny black stuff with silver revers.

She and her husband seem to be on the brink of taking a house somewhere in Kent, which will be a loss for London.

The Henry Hunlokes, who are great friends of theirs, are another couple playing the popular game of general post, and having let their house in Montagu Square, are off to Wiltshire for the summer, after a brief sojourn at her family mansion in Carlton House Terrace.

### *Taken for a Don*

NEWS drifts home from the crowded Riviera, this week from Beaulieu, where the Duke of Westminster has brought a large party of friends, including Lord and Lady Delamere, Captain and Mrs. Clowes, and Major Kerr. The Duke is on the committee of the tennis tournament, but plays golf himself nowadays, and goes over every day for a round on the course near Nice.

Lord Charles Hope is at Beaulieu, as usual, playing golf and tennis, though his right shoulder is still giving him trouble. When he 's not playing, he sits for hours reading in the hotel lounge, quite oblivious of the band and the noise; someone is supposed to have asked him if he was an Oxford don!

### *Buffetting in the Bay*

LORD ILIFFE has his family with him for a few weeks' holiday at Beaulieu.

*Engaged*

*Lady Mabel Jocelyn and Mr. Richard Brooke (photographed at an Irish hunt ball) have just announced their engagement. She is the Earl and Countess of Roden's daughter; he is the son and heir of Sir Richard and Lady Brooke, of Norton Priory, Cheshire*

*Visitor from Paris*

*Lady (Austen) Chamberlain arranged a matinée last week for the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society, and Yvonne Printemps came to London specially to appear at it. She gave selections in costume from various of her parts*

His son, the Hon. Langton Iliffe, has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to go about again, and he and his father have been having some tennis in the mornings.

Their yacht Brilliant unluckily received such a buffetting in the Bay coming out that she had to put back home for repairs, but they hope she will soon reach Monaco, so that they can travel down to Italy.

### *Disguised Foreign Secretary*

MR. and Mrs. Anthony Eden ingeniously managed to escape the crowds who hoped to follow and photograph them, by arriving with all their luggage in Monte Carlo at the Hotel de Paris, and then quietly slipping away to Marjorie Lady Warwick's villa at St. Jean. Les Villettes is well hidden in a eucalyptus grove some way from the road.

It is some time since Mr. Eden has had the chance to stay with his sister there. He has been going for long walks round the coast at Cap Ferrat, and found that a pair of dark glasses and old clothes proved an excellent disguise.

### *The Debs' Delight*

THAT famous and popular event, the Debutantes Ball in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, seems likely, in its tenth year, to be an even greater success than ever this year.

Enthusiastic meetings are the order of the day, and nearly two hundred mothers gathered in force at Seaford House last Wednesday morning to discuss plans.

Mr. Seymour Leslie, who works indefatigably in this good cause, contrives to make this ball quite unlike any other charity function, and it really is a function one might describe as the "Debs' Delight."

### *Poor Young Man!*

HOSTESSES and mothers of carefully-brought-up and brought-out daughters are in despair about the unchaperoned, background-less syrens who do some vague sort of job, and have a smattering of respectable connections, ready to turn up at any moment in order to disconcert any entangled young man.

The syrens are thick-skinned and, having nothing to lose, can afford to use the most obvious methods to attack their prey. Their victims are pinned down to dates and engagements months ahead, with the result that the well-brought-up girl who sits back, gets nowhere.

We know of a presentable and eligible young man who was "dated up" for a New Year's Eve celebration last August, for the premiere of a revue before it even began in the Provinces, and for the re-opening gala of a famous restaurant almost before even the management had got together over it. Tears, birthdays, and any sort of anniversary are among the blandishments used to involve the wretched young man in these future engagements. He squirms for a bit, wonders why all his friends gradually drop him, and gives in for the sake of a temporary peace.

One day common sense and a sense of proportion may return, and a syren is once more defeated.

MISS PEEPS

*Right: Lord Haig rode in the Bullingdon Club meeting at Somerton but wasn't placed. He is nineteen this month, and is at "The House." He is with Miss Eve Drummond*

*Below are Miss Diana Clarke, the Hon. Nefertari Bethell, and the Hon. Michael Astor at Somerton. Michael Astor is at New College. His elder brother, "Bill" Astor, won the Past and Present race*

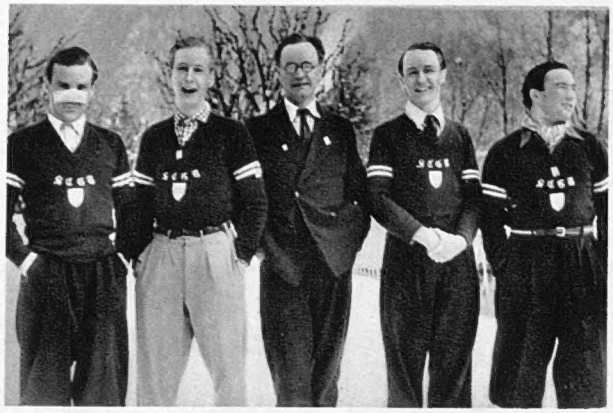
*Miss Clarke, Miss Bethell, Mr. Astor*

*Earl Haig and Miss Drummond*

*Right: Miss Anne Gibb watched a race at the Bullingdon Grind with Sir Anthony Palmer. He is in the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, and has a place, Shurdington Court, near Cheltenham*

*Below is another photograph taken at Somerton, of Lady Honor Vaughan and her brother, Lord Vaughan, Lord Loughborough, and Miss Althea Spicer. The girls are both 1937 debutantes; the young men are both at Oxford, Lord Vaughan at Balliol and Lord Loughborough at Magdalen*

*Sir Anthony Palmer and Miss Gibb*



*Chamonix — the British Men's Team*

*G. Cholmondely Tapper, P. Aitchison, Arnold Lunn (non-playing captain), Peter Lunn (captain) and J. P. Wakefield went to Chamonix for the World Championships. G. C. Tapper broke his nose in the straight race and was unable to compete in the slalom*

*Chamonix — the British Women's Team*

*Miss H. Palmer-Tomkinson, Miss I. Roe, Miss R. de Cosson (captain), Miss Doreen Elliott (manager), Miss B. Walter (reserve), Miss Birnie Duthie and Miss Helen Blane (reserve) made up the complete British women's team*

*Chamonix — the Jumping Stars*

*Birger Ruud (second from right), the Norwegian ski-er who won the Olympic downhill race last year, this year won the world jumping championship at Chamonix. He is with Anderson, who was second, M. Oswald, president of the F.I.S. and Ericksen*

*St. Moritz — After the Fairhurst Cup*

*Jock Askew rode in the novices' race on the Cresta for the Fairhurst Cup but wasn't placed. With him is his wife, Lady Susan Askew*

*Lady Violet Vernon had just watched her husband, Mervyn Vernon, win third prize in the Fairhurst Cup. They are honeymooning in St. Moritz*

# Winter Sports News Reel

***Chamonix: "Jeux Mondiaux de la F.I.S."***

THESE were the words which confronted you on great placards as you arrived at Chamonix-Mont-Blanc, where the streets were gay with flags and decorations and noisy with loud-speakers alternating music with information about the latest ski-ing events. F.I.S. fashions, F.I.S. badges, and F.I.S. scarves filled the shop windows. The whole place was ski-ing mad and admiring glances followed the different teams recognisable by the national flags displayed on their sweaters.

The F.I.S., or Féderation Internationale de Ski, is the international body which governs ski-ing all over the world, to which the national ski-ing associations are affiliated. It started by organising international langlauf and jumping events which are the classic competitions of the north, but downhill racing, which is much more suited to Alpine terrain, was only officially recognised by the F.I.S. in 1930. It is to Mr. Arnold Lunn that credit is due and to his efforts at the meeting in Norway that downhill and slalom racing is the great success it has now become.

Mr. Lunn was at Chamonix in his capacity of member of the F.I.S. Committee organising this meeting, the races being held under the rules which he drafted and which have now been accepted everywhere. Each year the F.I.S. entrusts the running of its annual meeting to one of the national associations affiliated to it. Sometimes the langlauf and jumping are held in one place and the downhill and slalom races in another. This year, however, they were all held at Chamonix.

The meeting opened on Friday afternoon with a parade of all the teams dressed in their international sweaters. A band of Chasseurs Alpins played in the Place Jacques Balmart opposite the official bureau and then preceded the teams down the road towards the Casino, where the racers were all presented by their various captains to the president of the F.I.S., while their respective national anthems were played. They were welcomed with great hospitality and finally dispersed to prepare for a grand gala ball in the evening.

According to legend, the F.I.S. never enjoys good weather for its meeting, and this year was no exception, the downhill race being run in a blizzard on Saturday. Unfortunately, the best British man, Peter Lunn, broke his ski and did not finish, and the race was won by Emile Allais, of France. That only thirty-six men finished out of forty-nine starters gives an idea of the difficulties of the course, which was a fine test of ski-ing. J. P. Wakefield was 27th, Peter Aitchison 29th, but G. Cholmondely Tapper broke his nose and was unable to finish.

In the women's race, the Olympic champion, Fr. Cranz, of Germany, was the winner, the first British lady, Miss P. Tomkinson, being 7th. Miss Roe was 10th, and Miss Helen Blane, who raced as reserve in place of Miss Birnie Duthie, was 13th. Miss Blane injured her knee in the race, however, which incapacitated her from competing in the slalom, and she was replaced by Miss Beryl Walter. The captain, Miss de Cosson, lost her ski and finished low on the list in consequence. Canada was represented by Mrs. Chamier, Miss Marion Miller, and also Mr. Lukin Robinson.

In amazing contrast on Monday the sun blazed out of a postcard-blue sky and the slalom slopes were gay with spectators and flags. The atmosphere was tense with international excitement when the

(Concluded on page 324)

# Riviera Season

## Tennis, Sun and Gambling

*Royal Tennis*

*King Gustav of Sweden at seventy-nine still plays doubles tournament tennis, and got into two finals at Nice. With him are Kalle Schröder, the Swedish champion, who beat Austin and Borotra to win the British Covered Court Championship last autumn, and Sven Nyestrom*

*Dining Out*

*Captain the Hon. and Mrs. Reginald Fellowes were arriving at the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo to dine with the Duke of Westminster*

*Miss Patricia Dalglish and Miss Susan Montagu*

*Left: Patricia Dalglish and Susan Montagu stood in the morning sun outside the Monte Carlo Casino. Miss Montagu is the daughter of Capt. Fred Montagu, who lives at Newmarket and owns the Wetherby racecourse*

*Riviera Regular*

*Lady Mappin, Sir Charles Mappin's wife, has been staying with friends at Monte Carlo. She goes to the South of France both winter and summer*

*Right: Lady Lisburne and her mother, Donna Julio Bittencourt, were at the Sporting Club together. Lady Lisburne's second daughter, Lady Honor Vaughan, is one of the most important Coronation debutantes*

*Lady Lisburne and Her Mother*

*Lady Scarsdale Convalescent*

*Lady Scarsdale has been in the South of France recuperating after her serious illness. She was at the Sporting Club with Parisian Mme. Jacques Wittouck*

*Imperial Family Group: Laughton, Flora Robson and Emlyn Williams*

*Director von Sternberg and Merle Oberon*
*No one knows why he wears those clothes*

# Ancient History at Denham

Alexander Korda has betaken himself from the Tudor England of *Henry VIII.* and *Fire Over England* and plunged back fifteen hundred years to Imperial Rome, into the vast, colourful panorama of Robert Graves's books, *I, Claudius* and *Claudius the God.* The film, which is directed by von Sternberg, takes its name from the former. Charles Laughton and Merle Oberon, who parted company five years ago at the sixteenth-century chopping-block where Ann Boleyn ended her life, meet again in the first century, he as Claudius, the stunted, stammering scholar who became Emperor because he was too insignificant to kill, she as his wife Messalina. Flora Robson rejoins them, also from Tudor times, as Livia, and Emlyn Williams plays that nasty bit of work, Caligula. Shooting started at Denham ten days ago on the opening scenes at Claudius' Capuan farm, and these are two of the first on-set pictures

# The Theatre

***"Candida" (Globe)***

NOT for many years has there been such a handsome revival of Shaw, and it will do the great man no end of good with a generation which rarely gets the chance to see his early work adequately performed. To this younger generation he is in danger of becoming the author of *Saint Joan*, which may ultimately be reckoned his masterpiece, but which certainly calls for much defensive back-play from the Jessop of the stage.

*Candida*, on the other hand, is a cutting and carving of good-length bowling, the bat flashing at the last second and, time after time, cracking the ball seemingly dead on the middle stump to the boundary at a pace that fairly burns the grass, and gives pleasure even to opponents. For the Rev. James Morrell, to a lesser satirist than the Shaw of his prime, would be unplayable.

HE is, as Nicholas Hannen with faultless judgment shows, very rarely, but not quite, the kind of parson that even the ungodly admire. They admire his virility, his heartiness, his democratic sympathies, his boundless energy, his eloquence; and though they may be a trifle uneasy in his presence, and occasionally suspect that the fellow is, without knowing it, talking through his hat, they are respectfully inclined nevertheless to measure themselves by the yardstick which he brandishes so confidently. The exposure of this paragon for the parasite weakling that his wife has always known him to be has hitherto been for me the really exciting thing in the play. Candida's decision not to desert the weaker man for the fierce young poet who has destroyed him seemed no more than a frigidly intellectual footnote to the play. But I had not then seen Ann Harding's portrait of Candida, or suspected that so much warm human sympathy could be interfused with the wisdom of that final scene.

*Sketches by Rouson*

*The Rev. James Morrell (Nicholas Hannen)*

ANN HARDING and Nicholas Hannen—one could wish for no better representatives of Candida and her husband. Hannen is like a dignified snow man slowly melting in the sun. Stephen Haggard, as the destructive young poet, has a more difficult task than either of them. He is asked to pass off a lot of poorish "fine writing" as golden poetry, and he succeeds in so impressing us with the sincerity and nervous energy of Marchbanks that we are content to take the poetic will for the deed.

Athene Seyler gets more fun out of Prossie, the adoring typist, than anyone has done before, and the play seems to suffer no injury in the process. Edward Chapman deals faithfully with the rather old-fashioned scoundrelism of Candida's Yorkshire father, and Geoffrey Edwards rounds off the distinguished production with a subtle thumb-nail sketch of the curate. So delicately precise is this sketch that when Mr. Mill returns from the party, we know at a glance, as though gifted with the special powers of divination possessed by police doctors, that he has had two glasses of champagne.

A CURTAIN-RAISER, Thornton Wilder's *Love and How to Cure It*, enables Miss Wendy Toye and Mr. Peter Copley to show their skill in sentimental comedy, and presents Athene Seyler in astonishing leg-of-mutton bloomers.

***"On Your Toes" (Palace)***

MUSICAL comedy, when you come to think of it, is to-day the only kind of show that has improved out of all recognition since the days of our youth. We do not get plays more realistic than Galsworthy's, keener in satiric observation than Shaw's, richer in romance than Maeterlinck's; and as for the sublimities,

(Concluded on page 294)

*Candida (Ann Harding) and Eugene Marchbanks (Stephen Haggard)*

*The curate and the typist: Geoffrey Edwards and Athene Seyler*

# The Theatre *("On Your Toes": continued from page 293)*

*"The most beautiful man in the world": Jack Donahue*

it would seem that they were all attended to long before the oldest of us was born. But in light musical entertainment there has been an extraordinary revolution of values. At last it really pays to be original. The charm of the expected, once warranted to confer success on mediocrity, no longer works, and the age-long faith of managers in a multitudinous chorus vaguely whirling and twirling in fashionable negligé is suffering shock upon shock. The latest is administered by *On Your Toes*.

This American production, which established itself with hardly any preliminary ballyhoo at the Palace Theatre, is almost aggressively unexpected in its cleverness, and it has the confident look of a stayer.

It may alarm the light-hearted to be told that the piece owes much of its distinction to its excursions into ballet. We all know the conventional ballet of musical comedy—an affair (taking place as a rule behind a gauze curtain) in which young ladies sail nearer to beauty in the cut of their gowns than in the management of the entrechat, the fouetté, or the pirouette. But Vera Zorina and those who assist her to burlesque the Russian ballet can dance—so well, indeed, that their mistakes are timed no less accurately than the steps of those they mock. What delicious mistakes they are, and how much is their humour enhanced by the fixed expressionless stare of the white-faced premiere danseuse! It is the prettiest bit of burlesque that has been seen in town for years. And the show ends with a jazz ballet, choreographic melodrama, so skilfully figured by Vera Zorina and Jack Whiting that it produces what in musical comedy must be proclaimed a miracle—suspense.

These are the show's high lights, but the lesser nonsense has a consistently taking sparkle. A professor of music, who happens to be a great vaudeville artist by heredity (and capable therefore of singing, dancing and acting), sets out with a couple of bright pupils to corrupt the Russian ballet with the offer of a jazz composition. Naturally a dancer of the ballet corrupts the professor, and here Jack Whiting and Vera Zorina, collaborating delightfully, show that Swinburnian lilies of virtue and roses of vice may both be painted, the one a more innocent white, the other a more rapturous red.

The story is tautly constructed and somewhat represses Gina Malo, its charming soubrette, but Olive Blakeney, as the strident stay and support of a ponderous impresario, is well supplied with wisecracks, and no one in this country knows better how to put a cutting edge on these missiles. The chorus is sparingly but effectively used to mark the climaxes of the story.

Altogether, so good a show that it is a patriotic duty to point out that if the authorship and the cast be largely American, the producer is our own Leslie Henson, who has seized his opportunities with imaginative expertness.

*Sketches by Rouson*

*Taking off the ballet: Vera Zorina and Jack Whiting*

*Olive Blakeney has a pointed wit; Gina Malo's attractions are more rounded*

*Photographs by Anthony*

# Marie Tempest Returns to the Stage

## And Graham Browne Produces "Retreat from Folly"

*Retreat from Folly* is the name of Marie Tempest's first play since her first film, *Moonlight Sonata*, which was also Paderewski's first (and last) and should be ready for showing any week now. The former has its first night at the Queen's this evening and gives the grand actress a typical Tempest part—her longest for many years; she 's a sympathetic, witty, exquisitely dressed mother who meets her grown-up children without their recognising her. Them she gets out of a mess, and her first husband she re-ensnares, baffling a complicated set of circumstances (and the police) in the process. The first husband is played by her real-life (third) husband, Graham Browne, who also produces. The children's parts are taken by Peter Coke and Antoinette Cellier (the latter another stage re-capture from films); and Danish Paul Leyssac (last in *The Lady of La Paz*) and Margaret Moffat have a couple of good parts. That 's about all concerning *Retreat from Folly* except the authorship, which is joint—by Eileen Russell and Amy Kennedy Gould

*Left: Tessa Pownall and Rosemary Nevill have been ski-ing at Scheidegg. Miss Nevill lives in Kent with her mother, Mrs. Percy Nevill, of Burling House, West Malling. Her father was the son of the late Hon. Ralph Nevill*

*Below: the Michael Barclays have also been at Scheidegg. She was Vivienne Parker, is Lady (Tresham) Lever's daughter, was married last year, has ski-ed regularly since she was fifteen*

*Miss Pownall and Miss Nevill*

*Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barclay*

*Mr. W. A. Collins*

*Is at Mürren and hasn't missed his Swiss ski-ing since 1923. He is the head of the Glasgow publishing firm, and father of I. G. Collins, the tennis player, and "Billy" Collins, the G.R.*

# The Snow's Their Medium

*Left: the Duke of Norfolk's two younger sisters were getting themselves ready for their ski-ing outside the Kurhaus Hotel at Scheidegg*

*Miss Rosemary Cooke and Her Father*

*Dr. Douglas Cooke, M.P. for South Hammersmith, and his daughter, Rosemary, have been in Austria, at St. Anton, and were photographed in the Post Hotel bar*

*Left: Prince Nicolas Galitzine was standing contemplatively in the midday sun at Scheidegg*

*Lady Katherine and Lady Winifride Howard*

*Prince Nicolas Galitzine*

# Standing By . . .

## A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

DON'T let it interfere with your dancing, but an interesting little report has just been issued by a group of Cambridge scientists who 've been experimenting with the Home Office anti-poison-gas regulations for the next or imminent war. They say these regulations are far from satisfactory and that (for one example) the official directions for making an ordinary room gas-proof just don't make it gas-proof at all (even supposing you 've the time to do it). Further, they say, there is practically no protection for babies under five—which will make an interesting topic next time you 're giving away the cookery prizes at the Village Institute.

The Home Office reply came a couple of days later at an amusing tea-party given by the Mayoress of Wimbledon, at which everybody wore the new pattern gas-mask. News-photos showed the Mayoress pouring tea for the Mayor and a Home Office expert, Wing-Commander Steele-Perkins, looking like horses. The photos didn't show how they got their tea inside the mask. However, the Wing-Commander declared that the respirators now being made are 100 per cent. efficient and guaranteed against every known gas, and that three types of mask for babies are now being experimented with—a portable cradle, a special perambulator-hood, and a kind of gas-proof box.

Whether this argument will go on and on till it 's stopped by the first enemy bomb, as in *Heartbreak House*, we couldn't say. Those of the populace who are not wiped out will be able to judge then which was right, of course. We do wish we could wind up on a cheery British note saying it 'll probably be frightful fun, anyway, but everybody knows there are gases now in existence which make our old wartime friend phosgene resemble by comparison a sweet kiss on the brow from Little Mother Wendy, and we 're not at all sure you 'll care for the experience much when it arrives.

***Sports Note***

IN another field of research Cambridge is also keeping up with things. The game of darts, trustworthy observers report, is being taken up by members of the University with increasing vim, especially by this year's boat crew, who practise every day during their rest-interval on reaching Clayhithe and are pretty hot numbers. The scientific arguments in favour of darts most favoured are (1) it is cheap; (2) it is healthful; (3) it requires no special costume; and (4) it demands nerve and skill. Naturally there is already talk of approaching the Blues Committee on the subject.

One more argument in favour of the game is that a darts Blue could pretty easily muscle into the social whirl and lay the foundations of a successful career in big business or the Public Services. It wouldn't be correct perhaps to say that darts has at the moment all the *cachet* of hunting or cricket, or that it opens as wide a door to as many good jobs, but the right people are certainly taking it up more and more, and most smart country houses have their board. How long this opportunity will remain open to youth and brains is naturally another matter. Fashions change like the wind. We know a man who became a poet at Oxford with enormous trouble, came down covered with glory and hoping to be attached to some smart household, and found to his chagrin that hostesses had given up poets and were keeping pet monkeys instead. It is for the aspirant to gauge his time-limit and qualify accordingly. The darts Blue of 1937 who crashes into Society in 1938 and finds everybody going mad over hoops or marbles will look rather an ass, eh?

*"What's the best cure you can recommend for baldness?"*

***Loot***

IT 's impossible not to wish the Chinese Government good hunting in their forthcoming endeavour to trace and collect objects of antique Chinese art looted and scattered about the world. Some have already been bought back from Germany and America. It seems a bit hard that they should have to be bought back at all.

The jolliest of all European looting parties in China must have been the one held just after the Boxer Rebellion—was it forty or fifty years ago? The Summer Palace was stripped practically clean by the British, French, and Germans, by all accounts. Not only the troops took part, but the ladies of the Legations were as busy as any. Dowagers fought like dogs for priceless pieces of jade and lacquer, and quite nice women staggered away bowed down with

valuables, like Napoleon's troops on the retreat from Moscow. Many of 'em took return trips. It must have been almost like the Winter Sales. The language, moreover, must have been terrible.

In one way this Chinese decision is vaguely disturbing. Suppose the Greeks got equally tiresome and demanded the return, say, of the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum, stolen by Lord Elgin from the Parthenon a hundred years ago or more by permission of the Turks? Byron cursed Elgin's brigandage roundly, not to speak of cursing his complacent countrymen. Fortunately Greece isn't a very big Power, or there might have been trouble. They have a clear title to this loot, also, which is more than most of the robbed throughout history can prove. Who has the rightful claim, for example, to an Old Master stolen from Russia by Napoleon in 1812, and by Bismarck from the French in 1870, given that in the eighteenth century it was looted from a Polish castle, the owner of which had it from an ancestor who fought with Charles VIII. of France and annexed it in Italy after the capture of Naples? You can't tell us. Such queries and complaints might furnish an admirable excuse for starting the next European war, anyway, if all other excuses fail. Happily at the moment of writing they 're not likely to.

***Benefactor***

RATHER decent, it might have been, to have had some sort of celebration in England and America this month of the centenary of the great Leipzig publishing house of Tauchnitz. The Anglo-Saxon who goes on the Continent owes a tremendous lot to the foresight of Karl Tauchnitz, founder of the firm, who introduced stereotypography into Germany a hundred years ago, making it possible for the modern Anglo-Saxon traveller to comfort his sick soul with Edgar Wallace or Dorothy Sayers in the midst of the most dreadful foreign goings-on.

As for British honeymooners, they ought to raise a marble monument. Tauchnitz must have saved thousands of them from despair. It 's generally on the Friday of the second week, people of experience tell us, that those sudden yawning-fits set in, disillusion seizes the soul, and realisation of what one has let oneself in for floods the quaking mind. In the pre-Tauchnitz era the victims would either sit about all day under the blue Riviera sky, staring vacantly into space or gazing in mute astonishment at the features of the beloved (*se mangeant le blanc des yeux*, as the French so picturesquely say), or else they 'd jump into the sea. For the last hundred years newly-wed lovers have been able to rush to a bookshop in emergencies and bury themselves in the newest English and American fiction for the price of a drink apiece.

The Tauchnitz edition, which has never varied in format or type, has a serious rival nowadays in the Albatross edition, which is more decorative, has clearer type, and proclaims its superiority—("Garamond type, cut by the Monotype Corporation. The paper is made by the Papierfabrik Bautzen. The printing and binding are the work of Oscar Brandstetter. Abteilung Jakob Hegner, Leipzig")—rather snobbishly. Another way the Albatross scores is in the distinctive colour-scheme on the binding—red for crime, blue for love (Ho! Ho!), green for travel, purple for biography, yellow for "psychological fiction," orange for short stories and humour. This is a great help, and, since it is forbidden to import these volumes equally, makes some people's bookshelves look pretty gay on a dull London afternoon.

***Sugar for the Bird***

A CONGRESSIONAL medal worth £245 is not a bad reward for writing "Over There," the "Tipperary" of the American Expeditionary Force during the last war, even if the medal 's been twenty years in arriving; and Mr. George M. Cohan, who wrote it, thereby goes up into the class of Rouget de Lisle, though we forget at the moment what State reward, if any, Rouget got for the "Marseillaise." The French Government certainly hasn't as yet decorated the man who wrote "Madelon," and neither of the joint authors of "Tipperary" got even a K.B.E. Actually they didn't quite deserve it. It was by pure accident that the first battalions of the Expeditionary Force to land in France happened to be singing a not-terribly-apropos music-hall song of the moment, and nobody was more surprised than the authors when "Tipperary" turned out to be a second National Anthem.

The vogue of all such songs, history shows, is much shorter among the troops than among the populaces at home. The Armies of the Republic didn't sing the "Marseillaise" much; they dropped it for a more cosy and intimate chant beginning, "On va leur percer les flancs,

*"He says he's hurt his leg"*

rataplan!" The Germans entering Belgium in 1914 sang "Püppchen" in preference to any of their traditional martial songs, the French troops delighted chiefly in that admitted classic, "Il Est Cocu, le Chef de Gare," and one of the many songs our own troops preferred to "Tipperary" was the mournful sentimental lyric called "Nelly Dean," which they sang (or rather wailed) with enormous melancholy gusto in billets:

And the—UH-waters as they—UH-flow
Seem to whisper sweet and—UH-low,
Yew are my 'EART's DEE-sire,
I—UH-love yew, uh-Nelleeee—Uh Dean.

For except on the march—correct us if wrong—British soldiers never sing from choice anything but dismal songs of love and yearning (compare "Sweet Adeline" as the anthem of American drunks and Rotarians), leaving the martial stuff to the civilians.

***Nuit Russe***

PRACTICALLY everybody in this country who has ever got a kick out of the poems of Pushkin, including the Russian nobility and the Corps Diplomatique, Beverley Nichols and his buddy, H. G. Wells, seemed to be at the Hyde Park Hotel centenary meeting the other night, listening to Russian artists singing songs by Pushkin, Mr. Drinkwater reciting Maurice Baring's translations, Sir Samuel Hoare comparing Pushkin with Hans Andersen and Bunyan, and Dr. Oliver Elton comparing him with Chaucer. Our own acquaintance with the Russian language is nothing you'd notice, but Maurice Baring's renderings are said by Russians to be masterly; and since he prints the original alongside, you get the added thrill of finding a row of bits of the alphabet printed backwards and mixed with fragments of birdcage and chemical symbols turning out to be a lovely line like "The unsubstantial veils of night and sleep."

Agonies of ennui and remorse and soulsickness naturally shake Pushkin at times, as they do most Russians, who derive great pleasure therefrom. The only really cheery bit of Russian fiction seems to be Gogol's *Dead Souls*. If you don't know it, don't let the title put you off—it only means dead serfs, which the jolly hero travels round Russia buying up (on paper, naturally), getting involved meanwhile in all sorts of comic imbroglios. Relatively comic imbroglios. Well, *fairly* comic. To be perfectly frank with you, the work is not one long riot of Wodehousean fun. The Russian genius is admittedly better at the more elevated stuff. Even then we'd give the Russians higher marks for low comedy than the Chinese, whose idea of a screaming jape is somebody going through the motions of getting on and off an imaginary horse. We've seen a man do that at a party, but it wasn't very funny. He thought it was a real one, and made an odious scene.

***Please!***

HEAVEN knows we're not narrow-minded, but the nature of a recent correspondence in the *Times* more than once caused our cheeks to flush. Auntie has actually been allowing some of her little readers to discuss in her presence the unfortunate case of the Mandrill, who, as a Wodehouse character once truly observed, wears his club colours at the wrong end. It began with somebody quoting R. L. Stevenson's indelicate line about the "blue-behinded ape"; after which, throwing decorum to the winds and giggling like anything, some of the boys proceeded to draw Auntie's attention openly to the brilliant decorativeness of the southern half of the Zoo mandrill, that ostentatious blaze of colour which, being at that particular end, no doubt puzzles and saddens the mandrill more than anybody. Watch his face (for a change) and you'll realise this.

Discreet amusement over this Arrangement, as Whistler would have called it, in Crimson and Purple is hardly avoidable—it amused us ourselves at the age of fourteen, so one can hardly blame *Times* readers for finding it funny too—but for Auntie, the Prop of the Constitution, deliberately to encourage the immodest snigger and the fulsome guffaw is surely a perturbing thing? You expect to find such topics treated with light-minded gaiety in loose Continental sheets, but you wouldn't find such a thing in a serious and well-conducted organ like *Punch*; and although Auntie's pages are often designed to amuse, there are limits of propriety which, one had thought, would be instinctively recognised and kept.

Somebody should draw her attention to Mr. Pooter's entry in his diary after a certain game of "Consequences": "*Not quite so successful as last night, Gowing having several times overstepped the limits of good taste.*" With the same pursed lips and disapproving sniff every decent Pooter who cares for the Empire and keeps a diary has probably given Auntie the same black mark.

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"*Surely the agent said* something *about the right of way, Henry?*"

# Films of the Day

## Artists, Scientists and Adjectives : By George Campbell

ONE of Hollywood's more egregious organisations is a body which modestly describes itself as the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. It is supposed to speak, in refined accents, for a trade which is doubtfully an art and certainly not a science; and one of its functions is to award gold medals, statuettes and other bric-à-brac for the best acting performances of the year.

The prizes for 1936 are to be awarded on March 4th. Five actresses are in the running—Norma Shearer, Luise Rainer, Gladys George, Carole Lombard, and Irene Dunne. Norma Shearer's claim will rest, of course, on her charming but hardly inspired Juliet. Luise Rainer's portrayal of Anna Held gave *The Great Ziegfeld* what small claim it had to distinction, apart from sheer silk and sheer bulk. Gladys George, a well-known Broadway actress, made one incursion into films—in *Valiant is the Name for Carrie*, as sentimental a tear-jerker as was ever inspired by the legend of the benevolent *cocotte*. Carole Lombard appeared in several films, but it is presumably her impersonation of the society half-wit in *My Man Godfrey* that the artists and scientists of the Academy have in mind. As for Irene Dunne, she has always impressed this critic as a charming young woman—as sincere and likeable in her work as in her private life; but a great actress? Hardly. One feared that the Academy was about to make itself even more ridiculous than usual.

BUT wait. Since noting the news from Hollywood I have seen Miss Dunne in her latest picture, *Theodora Goes Wild*. I don't for a moment agree that it is another *Mr. Deeds*. I cannot perceive that Miss Dunne's performance is really memorable. But I can at least see what the Academy is about. There is nothing in this frothy comedy that even hints at the power and versatility of Luise Rainer's Anna Held. You will look in vain for such really distinguished acting as that of Danielle Darrieux in *Mayerling*, or Paula Wessely's in *Harvest*, or Francoise Rosay's in *La Kermesse Héroïque*.

But this, to be fair, is not Miss Dunne's fault. *Theodora Goes Wild* is a bright and skittish farce, brightly and skittishly acted. Everything she is called upon to do she does, with a charm, an instinct for timing laughs, and a sense of character (so far as such a shallow little piece about stock figures permits of genuine characterisation at all) that does her the greatest credit. Without being in the least fulsome, one could call her work in this film faultless.

Boiled down, though, what does this mean? Simply that a very competent actress does a not-very-difficult job very competently. Of real brilliance she shows practically nothing, for the simple reason that the film gives her no opportunity to do so. It is a purely formula story, reminiscent, in every situation, of scores one has seen before. I haven't any doubt that it will prove what *Variety*, the organ of the American entertainment industry, calls "sock B.O."—meaning a smashing success at the box-office. That is a complete justification of Columbia, who produced the picture, and the late Richard Boleslawski, whose last job as a director looks like being one of his biggest hits. But when it comes to giving away testimonials, I prefer *Variety's* "*Theodora* Wows B'way for 50 G" (G being short for a "grand," or 1000 dollars). This gets straight down to brass tacks, the picture's takings for the week, without cant about the arts and sciences.

"*Theodora Goes Wild*"

*Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas are hero and heroine of this film at the Regal, which here and there is classed as comedy successor to "Mr. Deeds." Playing Theodora has put Irene Dunne into the first five among screen actresses according to the Hollywood Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. You'll remember her singing and attractive looks in "Roberta" and "The Show Boat"; "Theodora" shows how well she can make fun. Richard Boleslawski directed*

SALUTE to a promising young British director, by name Carol Reed. Mr. Reed made *Midshipman Easy*. That was pretty bad, on the whole, but showed promise. Now he has made *Talk of the Devil*, which has rough patches (due to faulty scenario work), but is, on the whole, pretty good. There are no big stars in this thriller—just Ricardo Cortez, a good many rungs lower down the ladder than he was in the days when he was playing in *The Pony Express* and they were trying to put him over in a big way as Valentino's successor; Sally Eilers, so brilliant in *Bad Girl*, but for some strange reason relegated to minor pictures ever since; Basil Sydney, who has played the menace so often and so well that I feel he has earned a shot at something sympathetic; and that grand Shakespearean actor, Randle Ayrton.

The story (by Mr. Reed and Anthony Kimmins) is faulty but original and really does carry a punch; and Mr. Reed, once he gets over the rather laborious preliminaries, keeps the action moving until the last minute. I commend *Talk of the Devil* as good, honest, unpretentious entertainment, all the more agreeable because it has come along without any advance ballyhoo.

IF you fancy an American *Young England*, let me implore you not to miss *The Mighty Tundra*, all about a flying doctor who crashes in the Arctic and trudges across Alaska with two little bears on a string. What with his wooden delivery, and explanations of the wonders of Nature to his little friends, and soliloquies on the disadvantages of being alone in the Arctic wastes, this picture has a naïve Hollywood-Family-Fairbanks' air that I found utterly disarming.

As disarming, in fact, as the programme reciting its merits. There you will find a list of adjectives used by critics in the trade press to describe *The Mighty Tundra*. They include "novel," "superb," "unique," "stirring," "gripping," "exciting," "absorbing," "thrilling," "brilliant," "emotional," "remarkable," "astounding," "intriguing," "refreshing," "fascinating," "spectacular," "suspenseful," and "hair-raising." I wonder what they said about *Ben Hur*!

*Anthony*

# William Chappell as Elihu in "Job"

William Chappell was photographed as Elihu in the Vic-Wells ballet, *Job* (composed by Ninette de Valois after Blake's pictures to Vaughan Williams' music) which was given for the second time this season about ten days ago. Chappell takes the leading part in *The Gods Go A-Begging* and solo parts in a number of other ballets at the Wells, and he is also a premier danseur of the Ballet Club. But his most important work is done as an artist and designer. He is responsible for the delightful and extremely clever dresses and décor of the new Ashton ballet, *Les Patineurs*, which had such a big success at Sadler's Wells last week, has also dressed and set *Giselle*, *Rendezvous*, *The Jar* among ballets, a Christmas revue for the Gate Theatre, and is at present working on the scenery and costumes for a new revue for the West End. He also illustrated three books by Doris Langley Moore with pen and ink drawings

...net Jevons

*The Hon. Maureen Butler*

*Is an Irish debutante, the second of Lord and Lady Dunboyne's three daughters, and was born in 1919. Her father is the twenty-sixth Baron, was in the Navy, commanded H.M.S. "Pyramus" during the War. Her family have a flat in Burton Court, S.W.3, and a house at Englefield Green, in Surrey. She has one brother, Patrick Butler, who is twenty this year*

Catherine Bell

*Miss Noel Winterbottom*

*Is an extremely attractive debutante from Cheshire, the daughter of Captain Oscar Winterbottom, of Tilstone House, Tarporley, and a god-daughter of the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon. She hunts regularly with the Cheshire*

Bassano

*The Hon. Margaret Acton*

# Coronation Debutantes

Lenare

*Miss Gloria Howey*

***Margaret Acton** is the fifth of Lord Acton's six sisters, and is being chaperoned by her sister-in-law, Lady Acton (who is Lord Rayleigh's daughter). She has been in Munich this winter, rides well, and is energetic and "out-door." Her three married sisters are Mrs. Douglas Woodruff, Mrs. Edward Eyre and Princess Guglielmo Rospigliosi-Pallavicini*

***Gloria Pamela Howey** is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. E. P. Howey, of Aldford House, Park Lane, and Red Tiles, Littlestone, Kent. Mrs. Howey is presenting her this year, and is giving a dance for her on May 19th*

Yevonde

*Miss Elizabeth Hornung*

***Anne Wickham** is another debutante from Ireland; her father is Lt.-Col. Sir Charles Wickham, Inspector-General of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. She is being chaperoned by Mrs. George Hornung, as her stepmother, Lady Wickham, cannot be away from Ireland for the whole season*

***Elizabeth Hornung** is the debutante daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Hornung, of West Grinstead, Horsham. Her parents are giving a dance with Sir Charles and Lady Wickham for her and Anne Wickham on March 15th*

Anthony

*Left: Miss Anne Wickham*

*Cannons of Hollywood*

# The Hon. Audrey Lyttelton—Coronation Debutante

Audrey Lyttelton is the second daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, is being presented by her mother at one of the Coronation Courts, and will be nineteen this year. Her elder sister, the Hon. Viola Lyttelton is six years older, the third sister is three years younger, and she has one brother, Charles Lyttelton, who is twenty-seven. Lord Cobham owns about six thousand acres in Worcestershire, of which county he is Lord Lieutenant; his place is Hagley Hall, Stourbridge, where there is a famous collection of pictures. He was president of the M.C.C. in 1935, and has been Master of the Albrighton Woodland since 1928; his family all hunt with that pack

# "Fire Over England"

*The Queen's favourite: Leslie Banks as the Earl of Leicester*

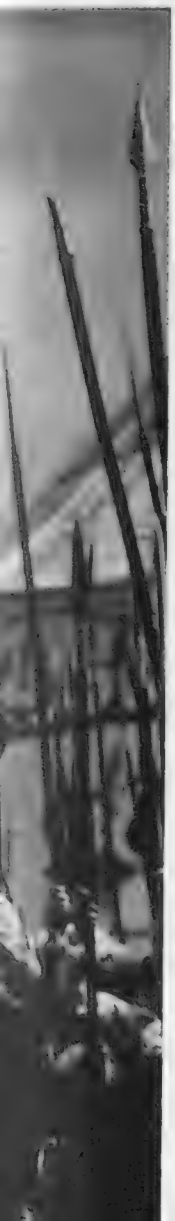
*Left: the love interest—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh*

*Below: Flora Robson as the Virgin Queen—at Tilbury*

*Rival ambitions: Raymond Massey as Philip of Spain and Morton Selten as Sir William Cecil, first Lord Burghley*

*Below: age creeps on the Queen—Elizabeth compares her face to that of her lady-in-waiting (Vivien Leigh)*

The large, romantic canvas of Elizabethan England (the dates are 1580-90) has been transferred from printed page to screen with a personnel appropriate to such an ambitious undertaking. Clemence Dane and Sergei Nolbandov adapted A. E. W. Mason's best-seller, Erich Pommer was signed by Korda to produce (it is the German ace's first English film), and William K. Howard to direct and James Wong Howe to be camera-man: a selection from the front ranks of English acting talent has resulted in a cast whose pictures you see on this page. Added to all are dresses and settings "regardless"—at Court, at Tilbury, on the high seas, or in the English Channel at the defeat of the Armada (1585). Paris was given the first chance to judge the result of this heavy expenditure of talent when *Fire Over England* was shown under the title, *L'Armada Invincible*, at the New Normandie Cinema in the Champs Elysées, before a glittering audience including a representative of the President, members of the Cabinet, and H.E. Sir George Clerk; London has its chance to-night and onwards at the Leicester Square Theatre



*Below: young Ingolby (Laurence Olivier) is captured by the Spanish*

# Point - to - Point

## Proof That the English Spring Has Come

Notes of the band and voices of the bookies blowing away across wet, windy fields, bright racing colours against the sombre landscape, light county talk, heavy farming talk, serious faces in the paddock, beer in paper cups, pâte sandwiches, and the circular picture, through binoculars, of the field straggling up a distant slope to the turn flag—in short, the point-to-point steeplechase. So it happens all over England on Saturdays of the last two and the next half-dozen weeks, going on until the hot April sun makes spectators too idle to walk out to the far jumps. These pictures were taken at one of the earliest points of the season—the New College and Magdalen Grind, held at Little Tew, when some results, typical of the heavy going and slippery take-off and landing grounds were: "one finished," "first and second finished alone"

*Photographs by Norman Parkinson*

*Howard Coster, London*

# Powers of the Pulpit: the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead

It has been a full, even adventurous, life that has brought Leslie D. Weatherhead at the age of forty-four to the Ministry of the City Temple in Holborn Viaduct, a foundation of 1640 (the present building dates from 1874) and a church he has himself described as the cathedral of Nonconformity. Born the son of a Scottish Presbyterian, he was educated at the Richmond Theological College and Manchester and London Universities, and was twenty-one when War broke out. He joined up, was attached to the Indian Army and served under the political department with Arab tribes, and after the Turkish armistice journeyed to Kurdistan and Persia on chaplaincy work. He returned to India after the War to take charge of the Methodist church in Madras, then back to England to Manchester and from 1925 till last year, he was at the Brunswick church in Leeds. Weatherhead, like the founder of his sect, is deeply interested in the healing mission of religion, but for the mind, not the body. He is one of the first divines to apply psychological theory and practice to his work and amongst the books that have made his name are many on this subject (e.g., *Psychology in Service of the Soul*); his last book, a life of Christ with the faintly filmic title, *It Happened in Palestine*, was published in December. At his Sunday services at the City Temple (which is the only free church in London—Wesley's Chapel being outside the City limits), the 2500 seats are insufficient for congregations whose average age is below thirty; his Friday night discussion groups are equally popular. Leslie Weatherhead has no time for sport, or for Spiritualism, but is sympathetic to the Oxford Group (Buchmanites) though he doesn't "speak the jargon"; he married the daughter of a missionary in 1920 and has three children

"Bystander" Short Story No. 77

# Death Comes on Wings

By Wilfrid Tremellen

*Illustration by H. J. Moser*

So Daphne married her gorilla. He had eyes, when he looked at her, like those of a dog begging, which flattered her selfish little soul; that was one reason why she took him. But the other reason was that Hugnell was the kind of pilot that gets asked by aviation companies wishing to advertise their latest machines to undertake those long "death-or-glory" flights. And this, of course, would mean much limelight for Daphne—good-bye kisses flashed on the screen at all the news-theatres, and pictures in the society papers. Such prospects simply enthralled her.

Before the engagement was announced, two of her friends gave her their opinions. The first (it was the young lady who high-kicked next to Daphne in the front row of the Frivolity chorus) was frankly horrified.

"Darling! How *could* you! You 'll have no *pennies* to spend! And *can* you imagine yourself living in some poky little house beside an airport at the back of beyond? Besides—besides——"

"Well?"

"Daphne, *darling*! You must see for yourself—he 's so *hideous*!"

The other friend, a fellow pilot of Hugnell's on the Universal Airways, took a different view. "You 're lucky," he said emphatically. "Huggie 's no film-star for looks, maybe; but he 's a good scout, finest fellow I ever hope to meet. Treat him square." He turned away.

Daphne wrinkled her pretty little nose, and put out her tongue at his broad back as he climbed into the pilot's cabin of the Amsterdam eight o'clock. "Pah! to you!"

It was true that Hugnell was no beauty. "Dwarf, down; giant, across"—that was what a crossword wit had said of him; he was almost square. Nature, in denying him legs of the normal length, had endowed him with a breadth of shoulder that was positively stupendous, and the likeness to a gorilla was completed by bushy eyebrows that united over the bridge of his squat nose, and arms so long that they reached down almost to his knees. In the air, and only in the air, was Hugnell in his right element. The news that he was side-slipping down into the aerodrome for a demonstration cross-wind landing brought even veterans to the windows of the pilots' room, and when his wheels and tail-skid simultaneously kissed the turf in a faultless "three-pointer," a universal sigh of admiration would go up. Good old Huggie!

After the wedding they settled down in the end house of Farcett Avenue. Later—a very few weeks later—this choice of the end house was proving strategically useful to Daphne's lovers, who, approaching from the "wilderness" side, would climb over the fence and entered through the back door.

Hugnell suspected nothing of the first five affaires. Then Daphne began operations with a young assistant ground engineer. The thing came to light, and for weeks afterwards Hugnell went about with the look in his eyes of a hurt animal. In the end he forgave her, his dog-like devotion unabated. He forgave her utterly, almost eagerly, only too anxious to have his goddess back on her pedestal again. For the worship of her had become an obsession, and the miracle that such a divinity should have chosen for mate one so hideous as himself, filled him with grateful wonder.

He forgave the young man too, but Lou Berstek, the director of Universal Airways, did not see it that way at all, and advertised for a new engineer. "I not like dis kind of goings-on in my company," said the great man. "I not like it at all."

It was some six months after this that Lou Berstek buttonholed Hugnell in the pilots' room, drew him to a corner table, and talked long and earnestly of the great project in his mind.

"Dere is only vun pilot in England who can do dis t'ing," said the aviation magnate in conclusion, "and dat is you. You haf no nerves and more stamina dan any man I know. Vill you try it?" He lighted a fat cigar and then handed his case to Hugnell. "It is a beaudiful machine—a vonderful machine—two hunderd and ninety miles an hour for cruising speed! T'ink of it!"

"London to New York—*and* back," Hugnell mused. "The round trip 's a tall order, Mr. Berstek."

"In New York you will haf vun night for rest," the director persuaded, "and you vill be back in less than two days. It vill be a vonderful advertisement for the new machine."

"I 'd like to try it," Hugnell said. "I 'll ask my wife."

Lou Berstek placed a flabby paw on each of Hugnell's immense shoulders. "You vill be doing a grea-at t'ing for Briddish aviation, my boy—a very grea-at t'ing."

Gliding back towards the West End in his limousine, the magnate put the matter more clearly to himself. "If he should win through, dere vill be much business for the company," he murmured. "And if he should lose his neck in the

(Concluded on page 310)

## Death Comes on Wings *(Continued from page 309)*

attempt, the situation vill also be not without its advantages. Yes, so ! "

Hugnell's Daphne was persuaded only with difficulty to agree to the flight.

" I won't go if you don't want me to, dearest." Hugnell on his knees before the sofa looked up into her face. " Really I won't ! "

The tears of noble self-sacrifice were in Daphne's eyes. "It 's my Huggy-Wuggy's career, I 'm thinking of," she sighed, stroking his hair. " And this would mean so much—so much."

She may have had in mind the fee mentioned by Lou Berstek—a cheque with three noughts in it.

HUGNELL began his great flight at the first streak of dawn on a Wednesday. His wheels came to rest on the soil of New York State the same afternoon.

Throwing back the folding cabin-top and breathing, for the first time in many hours, air that was untainted with the reek of hot engine, he told himself that he felt as fit as when he had started. The long training to which he had subjected himself during the past weeks had rendered his matchless constitution almost fatigue-proof. He looked up at the glorious sun and eyed the madly waving thousands who would presently close in on him—and in that moment made a sudden decision. Lou Berstek had been generous with him ; he would give Lou Berstek his money's worth by setting up a record that would stand for years. He would deny himself rest and start back at once ! London to New York and back in one day !

A diminutive American aerodrome official dived under the rope with which the police were striving to keep back the surging crowds, and, racing forward with twinkling legs, flung his arm round Hugnell's shoulder. " That 's just fine, boy ! Say, you must be near passed out ! Kim on now ! There 's the Mayor of Noo York over yonder, and the banquet——"

" Mayor nothing ; banquet hell," said Hugnell, speaking the language. " No time to waste ; I 'm starting back just as soon as she 's filled up with juice. I want a cold bath and a meal. Where do I go ? "

" Oh, Gee ! " The little official was flabbergasted. " But you 're due to stay the night—'cording to skedyool ! "

" Changed my mind. Come on." Hugnell was already pressing through the crush. Film camera-men veered round their clicking instruments as his immense shoulders forced their way through.

There followed a strenuous five minutes with a punch-ball, an ice-cold shower, and a brief light meal, with an official from the meteorological section. Within the hour the machine was racing forth once more, and Hugnell, easing back the control-column to clear the further hangars, had never felt better in his life.

All that evening, with the wind now behind him instead of against him, he sped his way back across the Atlantic. It was when the sun sank below the rim of the empty sea that he began to experience weariness for the first time, and as the night progressed, he wondered whether he had undertaken a task beyond his strength. Sandwiches and black coffee restored him temporarily, but from midnight onwards the temptation to lower his eyes from the compass and for a few blessed moments to sleep, was an ever-present danger. To keep himself awake he would occasionally shut off the current from his electrically-heated clothing and fly on in the cold ; but even then his eyelids drooped.

The Atlantic Ocean, league after league of it, swept past beneath his wheels. There was never any change in its sombre darkness, nor any variation in the monotonous thunder of the engine. The night dragged slowly past, each leaden minute in the sixty striving to impersonate the hour. And though he sipped black coffee at more and more frequent intervals, and bathed his eyes with iced water from a vacuum flask, sleep could scarcely be denied. More than once he dosed, his hands and feet on the controls making the necessary movements to right the machine when she dipped from an even keel.

The whirling beam of Fastnet Lighthouse came almost as a surprise. Hugnell glanced at the clock on the instrument board. It was only 2 a.m. He grinned wearily ; this would be a record that would stand for years. London to New York and back in less than one day ! As he thundered across Devon and Somerset, the exultation of his mind drove away even the desire to sleep.

In the last lap, following down the silver ribbon of the Thames, he sighted the beacon of the airport and swung left. The aerodrome itself was in darkness when he came over it. Having chosen to arrive before he was due, he could expect nothing else. All the same. . . . Unreasonably disappointed, he circled round at quarter throttle, and peered down into the darkness.

Suddenly he gave an exclamation of delight. There was a lighted window in Farcett Avenue. Was it the end house ? Yes, the end house ! Dear Daphne ! She had heard his coming. Dear, dear Daphne !

He banked round again, and as he swept past the lighted window, he turned his head, hoping for a glimpse of her.

But the blind was down.

A STARTLED personnel had flooded the aerodrome with light by the time Hugnell came roaring overhead again. He landed like a madman, screaming down almost at full throttle, bumping twenty feet into the air, and crashing down again to a landing that would have disgraced a novice.

As the first of the mechanics came panting towards him, he wrenched back the cabin-top, and, reaching down with a long arm, gripped the man by the throat.

" Here, you ! " he snarled.

" Y-y-yes, sir ? "

" I 've landed ? "

" Why, y-y-yes, sir ! "

" The wheels are still ? There 's no crash ? It 's a fair landing ? " The snarling questions came like shots from a revolver.

" Y - y - yes, sir ! " Terrified, the mechanic saw that he had to do with a madman. He struggled to free himself, but the long arm drew him inwards until he was staring straight into the other's glaring eyes. Suddenly, with a mighty shove, it sent him toppling over backwards, so that he staggered and fell. There followed a gust of maniacal laughter that made his blood run cold.

" Tell Lou Berstek and the others," screamed the voice in the cockpit, " that in one day Hugnell flew there and back across the Atlantic ! Tell them that ! And tell them that the first thing he saw when he came back was the shadow of his wife on a window-blind—in another man's arms ! "

There followed another burst of hideous laughter, which was cut short by a shattering burst of engine-power. White-faced and horrified, the mechanic struggled to his feet and stared in amazement while the machine went racing tail-high across the aerodrome, and slid screaming into the air again.

There was a smile on Hugnell's lips now, but no pleasant smile — a smile that was hideous to see. Winding up his retractable undercarriage, he flew a distance of five miles from the aerodrome—until the lighted window at the end of Farcett Avenue was a mere pin-point of light—and then banked round. " Dear Daphne ! " he gritted through twisted lips. " Dear, dear Daphne ! "

Slowly his hand moved forward on the throttle-lever. The engine-note screamed up the scale. The wires shrieked in an agony of tension as the machine went streaking forward through the darkness towards that lighted window. Faster ! Faster yet ! The needle of the air-speed indicator went flickering round the dial — 200 miles an hour—205—215—230 miles an hour ! Flame sheeted from the exhaust.

And Hugnell, his eyes glaring forward towards his objective saw in those last moments of his life the shadow of a man appear at the window of his wife's bedroom. The figure threw back the blind to approach the glass, and cupped its hands to stare out into the darkness. And seeing it so, Hugnell laughed.

THE sound of that stupendous crash had awoken the whole neighbourhood. By the light of car head-lamps men took stock of the situation. The wings of the machine were in the front garden, shorn off by the first impact. There was a gaping hole in the front of the house where the bedroom had been, and another at the back of the house, where an opposite window had been ; the body of the aeroplane had gone slap through one and the other—like a bullet through a tambourine. It was found nearly a hundred yards beyond the back garden fence, with the pulped wreckage of Hugnell's big frame still in the cockpit.

Then they climbed up into the ruined bedroom, and brought down the body of a decapitated woman. Beyond these two, Hugnell and his wife, they expected no further bodies, and so looked for none.

Until, in the morning, men came to dig out the engine which had buried itself deep in the earth beyond a laurel clump. And these men, after working for some time, looked up from their red spades, and turned to stare into each other's eyes. Digging deeper they found the shattered remains of a third body, impaled on the propellor boss.

The rags of the dead man's clothing proved beyond all doubt his identity—Lou Berstek. For shroud he wore the remnants of a window-blind.

THE END

*Miss Ina Elaine Tollemache*

*Miss Bunty Maitland-Makgill-Crichton*

*Miss Charmian Fane*

# Engaged

***Ina Elaine Tollemache*** *is the youngest daughter of the late Hon. Stanhope Tollemache and Mrs. Tollemache, of Bentley Manor, Suffolk, and 5, Chesham Street, Belgrave Square; she is engaged to Walter Ross Taylor, elder son of Mr. Ross Taylor, M.P., and Mrs. Taylor*

***Bunty Maitland-Makgill-Crichton*** *is the only daughter of Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. James Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, of Holland Park Mansions, and has announced her engagement to Vernon Chambers, son of Mr. Robert Chambers, of Iverna Gardens, W.*

***Charmian Fane,*** *Major Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Fane's daughter and a granddaughter of Lord Clinton, is to announce her engagement shortly to Robert Rivers-Bulkeley, of the Scots Guards*

***Margaret Bradbury*** *is Lord and Lady Bradbury's only daughter and has announced her engagement to Stanley George Hooker, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hooker, of Sheerness, Kent*

***Rosamond Betty Dugdale*** *is engaged to Captain Peter Albert Leese, Coldstream Guards, R.O., second son of the late Sir William Hargreaves Leese, Bt., and Violet Lady Leese; she is the younger daughter of Captain Geoffrey Dugdale, M.C., and Mrs. Dugdale*

***Vivien Baker*** *is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Baker, of 53, Montagu Square, and is engaged to Thomas Douglas Pilkington, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Pilkington, of Dean Wood, Newbury*

***Rosemary Scrymgeour-Wedderburn*** *is engaged to Christian Landale Melville, the Black Watch, second son of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. P. A. Melville; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, of Newburgh, Fife*

*Photographs by Lenare, Fayer of Vienna, Catherine Bell and Indre Shira*

*The Hon. Margaret Bradbury*

*Miss Rosamond Betty Dugdale*

*Miss Vivien Baker*

*Miss Rosemary Wedderburn*

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## Something of Kipling—and Others : By Alan Thomas

"LOOKING back from this my seventieth year," says Rudyard Kipling in his autobiography, *Something of Myself* (Macmillan ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), "it seems to me that every card in my working life has been dealt me in such a manner that I had but to play it as it came." Yet life in his childhood's days was the reverse of easy. His parents were in India, and he at a tender age was sent to a school in the suburbs of Southsea—the House of Desolation, he calls it—where his experiences were such that they "drained me of any capacity for real, personal hate for the rest of my life." Of his next school at Westward Ho ! he says that "even by the standards of those days it was primitive in its appointments, and our food would now raise a mutiny in Dartmoor." Yet these two schools need not be utterly damned in the eyes of posterity : for at the first of them the idea was born which later grew into the *Jungle Books* ; and the second housed the originals of *Stalky and Co.* It was, however, when he was doing his "Seven Years' Hard," in India, first on the *Civil and Military Gazette* and then on the *Pioneer*, that much of the raw material was gathered and stored away for the production of *Kim, Plain Tales from the Hills, Departmental Ditties,* and *The Story of the Gadsbys* : work on which his father was later to observe that "It wasn't *all* so dam' bad, Ruddy." Then came the Villiers Street lodgings and "the smoke, the roar, and the good-fellowship of relaxed humanity at Gatti's." out of which emerged the *Barrack-Room Ballads.* By now "my notoriety had fallen upon me," and the thing that he most desired was that his mother and father should come back from India and "see what had overtaken their son" : There follow marriage, travel, and real fame. And ever and anon tales "slide" into his mind, "smoothly and orderly as floating timber on a bank-high river." Indeed, one of the most fascinating features of this sturdy—I had almost said gritty—memoir is the way Kipling describes the origins of some of his more famous works. The book ends characteristically enough with a description of his working tools. Allah knows he used them well.

"OLIVE E.", by C. H. B. Kitchen (Constable ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is rightly described as a "thoroughly contemporary novel"—"thoroughly" I suppose in the sense that as the book closes the bombs are already falling on London. The central figure, Olive Everett—or Olive E. as she is known among her friends—was a saleswoman in a suburban Arts and Crafts shop. An eccentric gentleman named Emmanuel Stride came, saw, and —engaged her as a secretary-typist. Stride's activities were devoted to "aspidistrolatry," a philosophy which, like the Douglas theory, had best be described in the words of its founder. So here goes : "Your aspidistras are those kernels in yourselves which you have built up and nourished by your contacts with the external world—not big dramatic contacts or high-souled moments of crisis—but that every-day quiet friction which if carefully watched and guided can lead you to that new joy and that new pride . . . the joy and pride of just living." Of that particular brand of escapology you must make what you can. The contacts which Oilve E. formed in her new job were a change from the gambling, suburbanite crowd she had lived among. But it would be unfair to judge the odd assortment of people one meets in this queer and highly artificial story by the standards of ordinary life. Apart from some of the excellent vignettes which Mr. Kitchen gives us, the chief interest of the book lies in the shrewdness of its comment on the horrid trend of our times. I am afraid, however, that I could see nothing in Olive E. herself to justify the fuss that people made of her.

*Robert Westerby*

*A portrait of the author of "Only Pain Is Real," a pretty tough, vivid boxing story, published some weeks ago. It has an American setting, though Westerby is a Londoner ; he is twenty-eight, has been writing since 1935 ; and this is his first novel*

"ARCTIC JOURNEYS" by Edward Shackleton (Hodder and Stoughton ; 21*s.*), is the story of the Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition which left this country in August 1934, and returned in October 1935. Ellesmere Land (did you know ?) lies to the north-west of Greenland, and though the greater part of the coast-line has been roughly mapped, the interior is almost untouched—or was, until Mr. Shackleton and his fellow explorers (only one of whom had ever been to the Arctic before) got busy. This is a book I read with deep interest and, I confess, not without a little envy. The expedition "went out nominally to increase the knowledge of the world" by bringing back scientific results—an object achieved with eminent success. But behind this hunger for knowledge lay the thirst for adventure. "An expedition fulfils all the requirements for satisfaction. . . . It provides opportunities for positive achievement which may normally never fall to one's lot."

No small part of the Expedition's success was due to the helpful attitude of the Eskimos. "The Eskimos," says Mr. Shackleton, "have a horror of war and cannot understand that supreme manifestation of international lunacy. They never beat their children, and yet they are at least as well-disciplined as European children. Even from the early stages they obey their elders."

*Arctic Journeys* is well illustrated, well documented, contains good maps and a good index. All the royalties it earns, go, I understand, towards paying off the expenses of the expedition.

I CAN claim no personal knowledge of Scottish girls' schools, but if the one which Miss Margaret Hassett describes in *Educating Elizabeth* (Longman's ; 7*s.* 6*d.*) bears any resemblance to the real thing, then heaven help the girls of Scotland. It is difficult to imagine a more monstrous regiment of women than that which Miss Hassett collects in the staff-room of the Ellen Jebb High School. Think of all the minor vices popularly supposed to be more native to men than women, then add most of the defects common to both sexes, and you will get some idea of the spirit prevailing among Scottish schoolmistresses à la Miss Hassett. Into this milieu she introduces a young Englishwoman as the new Head. The resultant nine months' guerilla warfare between the conciliatory Southerner and her dour, hostile staff, give a few minor victories for the Sassenach, but the ultimate victory goes to the Scots. Miss Hassett has a lively sense of humour ; but her eye for character has a tendency to get out of focus, so that we are sometimes given caricatures instead of portraits.

# Fashion as it flies . . .

*by Elizabeth*

*Alexander*

What could be more charming than the frock on the right in flame-coloured chiffon elaborately shirred? A graceful drapery covers the shoulders, while the gored skirt flares at the knees. It is worn over a heavy crêpe slip, and only costs 5½ guineas in the moderately priced salons at Harrods, Knightsbridge. There appear to be no very great changes in the new fashions, which are colourful and rich in detail such as embroidery. Sequins glitter at night in the shape of butterflies which hover amid soft curls or perch lightly on one shoulder. They also make sheath-like frocks and short, severely-tailored jackets

# Winners At Aintree

Many visitors will be present at Aintree on March 19th to see the Grand National, one of the most important racing events of the season. Though thick coats are almost sure to be needed to keep out cold winds, bright tweeds should add gaiety to the scene provided the weather is fine. Many of the new suits now being shown have plain skirts and multi-coloured tweed jackets flecked with rainbow knots, while suède has become so pliable as to tailor as well as any other material, and is wonderfully warm. It can be made into a complete suit, or just a waistcoat, which many people prefer

An expression of tense excitement is registered on the face of the above spectator who has obviously backed a winner. She is wearing a three-quarter length leopard-skin coat, cut on semi-fitting lines, with a becoming upstanding collar and moderately squared shoulders. The cost of this is twenty-nine guineas, and it comes from the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, who specialise in luxurious furs at wholesale prices. Incidentally, there is no shop window, the showrooms being on the first floor. Models are sent on approval, while old furs are cleaned, repaired and remodelled at minimum charges. A catalogue will gladly be sent free on request

*Alexander*

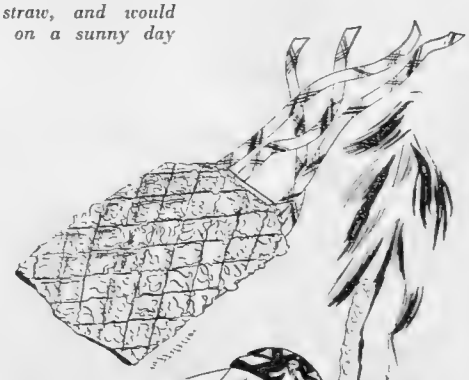
Cumberland tweed, warm yet light, with a bold herringbone weave makes the coat on the left from Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street. It is single-breasted and admirably tailored, with a half belt across the front and vertical slit pockets. The fitting back flares slightly with an easy swing, and the price is eight guineas. Semi-fitting Ulster overcoats for practical country wear are obtainable from seven guineas, while ten guineas is the cost of a tweed suit made to measure. It is often a good plan to choose a comparatively quiet tweed and rely upon accessories for colour. These can be interchanged from day to day, and provide scope for originality

# The Bystander Twins in search of NOVELTIES

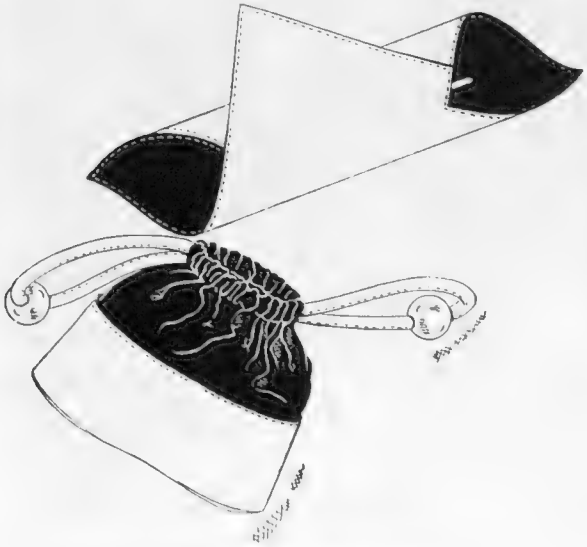
*A triangle in deep crimson silk printed with pictures of St. George and the Dragon is one of the new scarves to be seen at Jaeger House, 204, Regent Street. It only costs 7s. 6d., and is obtainable in a variety of bright colours. With it goes a massive amber-tinted dress clip for 12s. 6d.*

*Telephone numbers, names and addresses, and countless other data may be recorded in Bates' List-Finder sketched above. It is worked by a finger-tip control which springs open at the letter required, this being indicated by a red arrow. The price is 7s. 6d., and it comes from Selfridge's, Oxford Street*

*Art students started the fashion of wearing palette hats daubed with great splashes of paint and trimmed with a group of mixed brushes. This idea could be carried out in fine straw, and would look charming on a sunny day*



*For warm days ahead, Selfridge's are showing printed handkerchiefs with cellophane eye shades. These tie round the head gipsy-wise and cost 5s. 11d. The colours are bright and the designs essentially nautical*



*A twist of black suède makes this distinctive handbag from Jaeger's. Fitted with a sliding fastener, captive purse and mirror, it costs 35s. Next to it is a smart alliance in peccary calf and felt. It is lined throughout with moiré silk, and costs 21s.*

*An intriguing novelty at Selfridge's is the Martin-White "Telescopic" water suit, which expands or contracts to any size. It looks like a work-bag in the hand and is available for a guinea in printed cotton, or 38s. 6d. in acetate satin. Owing to its elastic qualities it controls the figure, allows perfect freedom, and is very slimming*

# Be Yourself

## By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

NOW let's get on with this self-reliance business, as requested by my conundrum-setter last week. It was rather a curious coincidence to find next morning an article by Cotton on what he calls the "new caddie lottery," in which he stated pretty plainly that if he could not have the caddie of his choice, he would have none. At first sight it seemed as if here was the professional who, above all others, thinks, and relies on his thinking, saying that he could not play competition golf without his chosen mentor at hand. If so, it would have been a rare destruction of what I meant to write.

However, I do not think Cotton means that he relies so vastly on the good his own caddie may do him as that he fears the harm a bad unknown may do. There I am with him. It is nerve-racking enough for us amateur women to play an open meeting round wondering every minute if our caddie (so-called) is going to stamp down a worm-cast, touch the line of the putt with the flag, pick up our ball, or do any of the hundred-and-one other things which can lose a stroke. What it would be like for a "pro.", with his championship, and with that his livelihood, depending on it, is a nightmare at which imagination boggles.

UNDOUBTEDLY it is a failing to rely too much on advice from your caddie, and lessons from your "pro." I had written "modern" before "failing," but we will delete that, because if the stalwarts of old had stood entirely on their own feet I suppose all the rules about caddies would not have come into the code. The word means "a guide or pilot," and the truth is that we shift a perfectly ridiculous amount of responsibility on to the shoulders of the poor wretch. He may know the course you are on, but what does he know of your shots? Even your physique is no real gauge as to how far you hit the ball with a No. 1, 2, 3, or any of the other numbers. You let him choose the club for you, and then lay the blame on him when he chooses wrong. Moreover, you will never learn to choose, nor to judge distances for yourself, but will remain a spoon-fed, undeveloped golfer all your life by such methods. A course of rounds without a caddie would be one of my prescriptions for any young golfer.

THEN lessons. Let nobody think for one moment that I am urging players not to have them. We all owe far too much to the men who have taught us to do without them in the first instance, and a refresher now and again may be invaluable. But we must assimilate what they teach, so that we can apply it to fresh conditions, and go on to tackle fresh problems for ourselves, not always be running back to our nurse's apron strings. There are too many golfers who are completely at sea if they cannot, after one bad round, dash back to their pet "pro.", or somebody else's, and be told what they are doing wrong. If they have been well taught they should be able to find out for themselves. Where would Miss Pam Barton have been on her lonely adventure in America if she had not been capable of standing on her own feet? Yet nobody pays more ungrudging testimony than she to what she owes to professional teaching in the first instance.

HAVING said all that, I went rather critically to watch young Middlesex play young Herts at Hadley Wood, and see what sort of feet they stand on.

But I don't know that I am qualified to say anything about the mental feet of either the Herts team, which won so decisively by 6 to 1, or of Middlesex, for whom the only winner was Mrs. Jack Beeson, of Worplesdon fame last year. She has just given up Norfolk qualification for Middlesex, and should be highly valuable to that county. One must watch very closely to know the workings of a player's mind, and I was more concerned to see who could keep their feet under slippery conditions, and whose footwork was sound. I longed to see something a little less stiff, for example, about Miss Lamb's left foot, for then she would be a really promising player. A little freedom there, and a little more crisp attack at the ball, and we might hear quite a lot of her.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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*All entries for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month. Coupons must be attached to the cards signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

FEBRUARY

*Name* { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

*Address* .....

.....

*"Joyce Wethered" Plays Golf in Jamaica on Her Honeymoon*

*Sir John and Lady Heathcoat-Amory have spent their honeymoon in the West Indies, and played a lot of golf during their three weeks at Constant Spring. In the group they are with Mrs. Molly Pringle, Jamaica's woman champion, and Lou Cumming, Canadian pro. at Constant Spring, who beat them in an exhibition best-ball match by one hole, Cumming getting a birdie three on the last green. He took 30 (6 below par) for the last nine holes. Lady Heathcoat-Amory had a round of 71. Her husband plays to a 3 handicap*

A night gown of palest turquoise chiffon that is lavishly lace-trimmed and tucked, falls from a yoke into wide raglan sleeves; and trails in full folds to the floor. It is entirely hand sewn, from the Lingerie Salon—any colour to order for 7½ Gns.

*Harrods*

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

# London Irish Medical Golfers

**H. H. Harris sketched some of them at the Ninth Annual Dinner at the Dorchester**

1.25a.

how
to write it
and yet
not
hurt his feelings? . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
will help you
over
this
difficult problem? . . .

seeming
to marshal
your chaotic thoughts
into
lovely
smooth
easy-running phrases.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

# Howard Marshall on Rugger

## Form in the Last and the Next Internationals

I WRITE this in a state of almost hysterical excitement, caused by Sever's glorious try which won England a grand match against Ireland. There 's no need for me to describe it to you, for you will either have seen it yourself, or heard or read about it a dozen times.

How Sever whipped up the gallop which carried him that amazing sixty yards I don't know, for he had been hammered by the burly Moran all the afternoon, and at one period his nose was bleeding profusely. But Sever is like that. A man of iron. He can take it—and give it. He may be slow, but he wins matches. And England would have been an unhappy side indeed without him these last two years.

BUT if Sever ran away with the match, there were other points to note about it. We even hoped, as we watched, that international Rugby football might be climbing out of the slough of despond.

We shall know more about this next Saturday, when Ireland play Scotland in Dublin, but I can happily record that the last two international matches I 've seen have been clinkers. And with what profound emotion did the old stager watch that first Irish try against England, a try in the classical mould, starting from a set scrummage, and ending with the superb burst of the wing three-quarter.

We can still run, apparently, and draw our man, and time our passes. And this, mark you, with back-row forwards like Campbell and Weston on the opposing side, players of no mean quality. How about the cry for fresh legislation now ? Is the game not sound enough, provided only that the players will found their attacks upon the proper principles ?

AND here is an interesting point. When the game began, Campbell, on the open side of the English back row, was breaking away almost as soon as the ball was in. Ireland heeled regularly. Campbell became less prominent. He stayed down and shoved. Gradually the English scrummaging improved, and by the second half the Irish forwards were mastered.

There 's room for the intelligent back-row forward in the theory of the game, and he is a man who shoves his heart out while shoving is necessary. We have no grouse against him. It is only the fly-by-night spoiler, whose scrummaging is merely a formality, who arouses our fury and recrimination.

RATHER worrying, though, was the form of the English mid-field players against Ireland. They had chances galore. The ball was handed to them on a plate. They did nothing with it. They passed too soon—yards too soon. They made no attempt to draw their man. If they did run, it was just when the defence had thoroughly barred the way.

Now I know how difficult it is to criticise backs with any justice. It is so hard to see from the touch-line just exactly what is going wrong. A couple of inches this way or that, and a passing movement has broken down. A split second's delay in heeling or passing from the scrummage, and constructive attack is snuffed out. I know all this, and yet I fancy a Kershaw and a Davies behind that fine England pack would have found out how to break the Irish defence.

Giles is a good, nippy, work-a-day little scrum-half, but I doubt whether his pass is quick or long enough for the commonly accepted theory of back play. Kemp is always a fifty per cent. better stand-off half with J. D. Low to give him the ball, and there must be something in that.

EVEN so, I cannot believe that these England mid-field players are the best we have. I imagine the selectors will try some experiments for the Calcutta Cup match. There is not enough scoring power in the England side. Sever may snatch a try, or the forwards may force a scoring position, but where is that building-up of attack which is the essential preliminary to the properly delivered death blow ?

The selectors might well look very carefully at F. J. Reynolds, the Old Cranleighan and Army stand-off half. Reynolds is an attacking player, and it is even possible that Alan Key of the Old Cranleighans might come in with him, or G. J. Dean of the Army.

Then what of the centres ? B. E. Nicholson is a thruster. At least he would go for it. Roy Leyland is clever ; J. Boyce has his supporters. Anything, we feel, rather than persevere with the present negative stuff in mid-field. And, presumably, A. Obolensky will be on the right wing at Murrayfield. Then we shall know that the smallest chance will not be wasted for want of that sudden electrifying dash. But I sympathise with the selectors all the same. What a life, to be sure !

*England beat Ireland by a Point*

*It was as thrilling a game at Twickenham as the most exacting school-yarn writer could want, with Sever's winning try in the last ten minutes and later still an Irish penalty kick that might have brought them victory. Morgan captained his men brilliantly from the base of the scrum but couldn't save being beaten on the post by a penalty goal and two tries (9) to a goal and a try (8)*

*G. J. Morgan (Clontarf), the Irish Captain*

# This England . . .

*Berkshire Downs, near Wantage.*

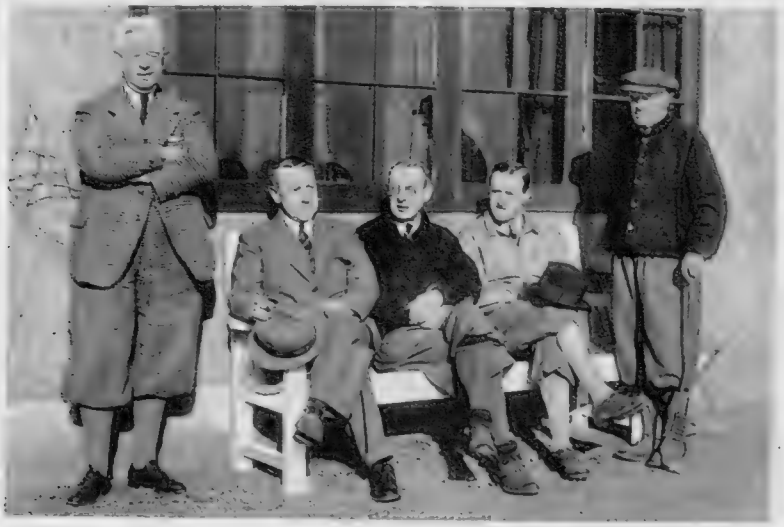
IT is remarkable how few great painters have really captured the delicate blue-grey mists of weald and fen, the myriad greens of our woodland rides. Yet we love these things, we tramp the hills to savour them—and the artist in each one of us rejoices. But we know, too, that like many aspects of this England, these things are untranslatable. Who could convey with brush or pen the differences that lie between the golden beauty of a Worthington seen by the light of a high morning in March or glowing ruddily in a fire-lit bar at the day's close? But we . . . we know it. And cherish even that.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

# Golf Clubs at Home: Crews Hill

This club was founded at Enfield early in 1914 and was newly laid out in the first year of the War (later a Zeppelin dropped a bomb on the sixth fairway): being youthful, the course and club-house are, therefore, modern, the latter having an even more recently added lounge in place of the former verandah. On the northern heights of London, the round, designed by Mr. H. S. Colt, provides a reasonable test without being particularly difficult

*George Searle (president)*



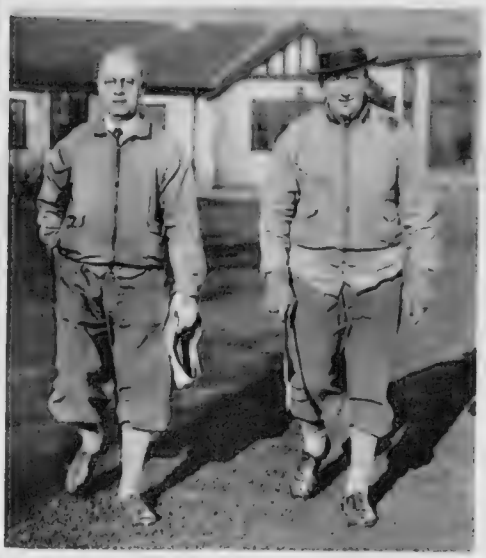
*John Hughes, Arthur Hawkins (secretary), Harry Pitts (captain), Charles Whitcombe (professional) and Jack Crawley (committee)*

*B. J. B. Hackett, C. N. M. Stuart, H. Smith, W. Ross*

*A. Ingram*

*S. V. Cragg (committee)*

*F. J. Shepherd*



*Walter Bishop and H. Beadle (committee)*

*Ian Smellie*

*W. E. Chamberlain*

*T. Welch*

In a memorable year **WOLSELEY**

## crown all previous successes with a

# NEW CAR of brilliant design

The new Wolseley 18/80 is an eighteen horse power car whose six cylinder engine develops 80 b.h.p. It can cruise all day at 70; it will produce when called upon that extra verve of acceleration and sustained high speed (it is very steady at 80) that is useful on the open road. Yet it is docile enough in town for anyone to handle.

With ride-control shock-absorbers (adjustable from the dash), very long springs, anatomical seats and extra low pressure tyres, it can be said to "make its own road", so smoothly and effortlessly does it flatten out hills and rough surfaces alike. It is available in two body styles—each remarkable for that distinction and beauty which recently won for Wolseley the coveted Grand Prix d'Honneur for coachwork and comfort at the Monte Carlo Rally.

This is going to be a very much sought after car. Do by all means have a run in one soon. There is one coming to your district to-day.

CHOICE OF TWO BODY STYLES

Saloon £290
*(shown below)*

Salon de Ville £320

*(Prices ex works)*

**THE NEW 18'80**

*Wolseley cars are fitted with Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackall hydraulic jacks.*

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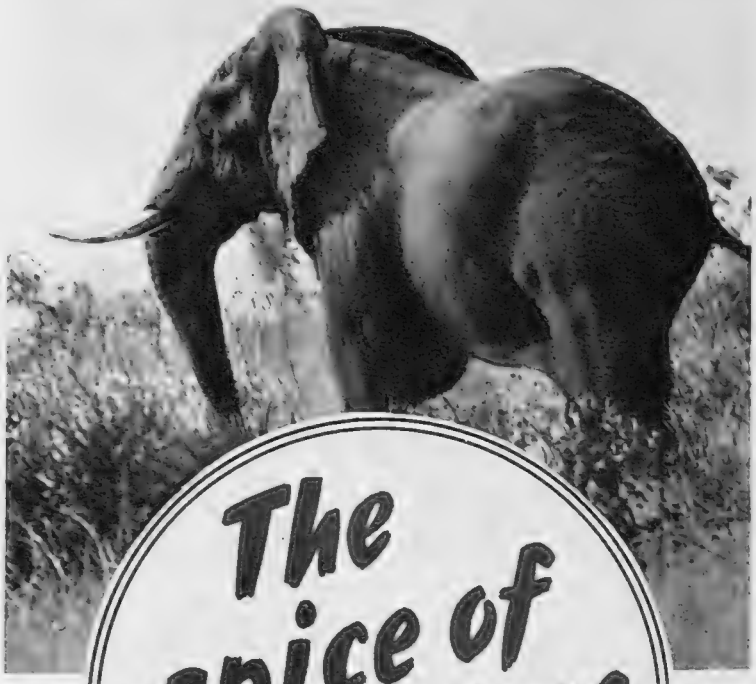
THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8

London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England



The spice of adventure

FROM May onwards wild animal life in the Kruger National Park—the world's largest game reserve—is at its best. To drive with perfect safety through mile after mile of open and forest country, where untamed denizens of the jungle roam at will, is an adventure worth going far to experience.

South Africa spreads countless gems of scenic beauty before her guests. The Victoria Falls—in full water at this season—presents a magnificent spectacle with its millions of gallons plunging ceaselessly down through the smoke of rising spray.

Two or three months, including a delightful fair-weather voyage of 13½ (or 16½) days in each direction, is all the time required for this "adventurous" holiday.

*Consult your Travel Agent or write to the Tourist Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, for descriptive brochures of Southern Africa.*

SOUTH AFRICA

## Winter Sports News Reel *(Continued from page 290)*

race began with Fräulein Steuri, of Switzerland. Fräulein Cranz, of Germany, repeated her previous success, thus securing the title of World Lady Champion. It was a magnificent performance and a well-deserved victory. Miss de Cosson ran very well to be 7th. Miss Tomkinson and Miss Roe were 11th and 12th, but unfortunately Miss Walter was disqualified early in the first run.

Of the men, G. Cholmondely Tapper was suffering from concussion and unable to slalom. Peter Lunn ran splendidly, and so did P. Aitchison and J. P. Wakefield, but the championship was won by the Frenchman, Allais — a very fine performance which was enthusiastically cheered by the crowd.

DOREEN ELLIOTT
(*Manager, British Ladies' Team*).

*At Mürren*

*Com. Jack Shirley and Mrs. "G." Tapp were first and third in a recent Bracken No-Fall Race at Mürren. He is a Gold "K" and she has just been elected a member of the Kandahar*

***Klosters: Mardens Club***

JUST before the F.I.S. meeting, Mardens Club held (on February 3rd and 4th) the Wolfgang Cup (straight and slalom), open to all amateurs. The slalom took place on February 3rd at Klosters on the Graggeneck, a steep and difficult course with snow conditions not too easy owing to a slight thaw and bad visibility. Of sixteen entries, only eleven finished. Combined result of two runs: 1st, E. Hvalsoe, 1 min. 17 sec.; 2nd, Miss B. Walter, 1 min. 25 sec.; 3rd, A. Thüt, and 4th, Miss Palmer-Tomkinson. The remainder of the British women's team also ran. Miss B. Walter ran the course beautifully.

The straight race was held on February 4th, and the Atlanta A.K. race was run in conjunction with this event. The course was Mens Tee to the Schiefer Tobel — conditions excellent, good snow and light; ten entries, nine finishing. E. Hvalsoe won in the excellent time of 4 min. 36 sec.; 2nd, Miss Palmer-Tomkinson; 3rd, Miss de Cosson; 4th, Miss B. Duthie. The Cup goes to E. Hvalsoe, combined result being: 1st, E. Hvalsoe, 7 min. 27 sec.; 2nd, Miss Palmer-Tomkinson, 8 min. 44 sec.; 3rd, Miss de Cosson, 9 min. 16 sec.; 4th, Miss H. Blane, and 5th, Miss B. Duthie.

Result of the Atlanta A.K. race: 1st, Miss Palmer-Tomkinson; 2nd, Miss de Cosson; 3rd, Miss B. Duthie; and 5th, Miss I. Roe, a newcomer to the British team.

On February 5th the Sernens Cup was held, the course being Weinfluhjoch Meierhoftäei. The conditions were most difficult owing to a bad snowstorm at the top and no visibility until the first steep slope. There was an entry of eight. The Cup was won by H. F. Withy; 2nd, A. Crossley; 3rd, B. Adams.

*K. M. G. Anderson*

*Was photographed before the Kandahar Impromptu Handicap Slalom in which he was second, and did the best time*

***Mürren: The Kandahar***

RACING interest has, of course, been centred on the F.I.S. World Championships, and the bulletins which Mr. Arnold Lunn sent from Chamonix have been a popular feature of the Kandahar notice-board.

There has been a heavy fall of snow, lasting for several days, and the Impromptu Handicap Slalom was held in soft snow. It was very misty and at times quite difficult to see from top to bottom. The handicap was won by F. Clark from K. Anderson, who did the best time, and R. Readhead.

A Bracken No-Fall race was held in a heavy snowstorm from the top of the Allmendhubel by any route to the lower Allmendhubel station, and resulted in a win for Commander Jack Shirley with R. Readhead second and Mrs. G. S. Tapp third.

# The new Ford V-8 "30"

Whatever you value most highly in a car, with especial reference to multi-cylinder luxury-cars, is yours, for ever so little money even at the outset, in this New Ford V-8 "30."

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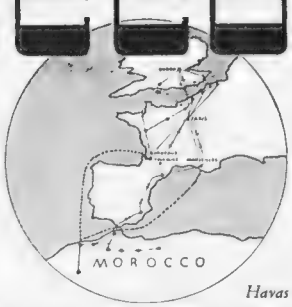


*Havas*

*Cambridge Halved with Walton Heath*

*H. L. Carr, T. M. Stewart (Trinity, Cambridge), E. Legge and G. D. Morton (St. John's, Cambridge) met in the foursomes of the halved match at Walton Heath, when the University won the singles 6 to 4 and lost the doubles 4 to 2: in this foursome the Walton Heath pair won by a hole*

# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## Appearances Are Deceptive

IT will assist me greatly if all those who have entered for the BYSTANDER Trophy meeting, and have not yet let me know what their handicaps are, will do so as soon as possible. It is no easy matter to guess the handicaps of golfers.

As you sit in a crowded club house, you will probably think that the cheerful little man with the bald head, who keeps on drinking pink gins, has a handicap of about 18, and that the lovely figure of a man, with the well-greased wavy hair, immaculate plus-fours, and the latest thing in gent's golfing jackets, who looks like an enlarged cinema star, must be scratch or better. If you do, you will be wrong on very many occasions. You will find that the bald-headed little man has no difficulty, bar pink gins, in playing to his handicap of plus one; while the enlarged cinema star has the greatest difficulty in playing regularly to his handicap of 17.

For years I thought that Mr. Whelpton, who plays regularly and most enthusiastically in every BYSTANDER Trophy meeting, enjoyed a handicap similar to that of the enlarged cinema star. It was by mere chance that I discovered that playing for such a magnificent prize as the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy made him extremely nervous, and that this was the cause of his getting, or just failing to get, his century on several occasions. I was really astounded to hear that on his home course at Walton on the Naze, Mr. Whelpton can break a hundred with regularity and ease, and even more surprised to hear that he is allowed a very small start by his local handicap committee.

ONE of the largest lady golfers hits the ball very little further with wood than one of the smallest lady golfers hits it with her mashie. Such fine figures of manhood as Cyril Tolley, Reginald Straker and Ted Ray might reasonably be expected to be clumsy golfers, but strange to relate, all these huge men, in spite of their large hands, have a most delicate touch, when it comes to a close putt. On the other hand, Miss "X," who is petite and pretty, and looks so fragile that a puff of wind might blow her over, and who possesses very small, delicate hands, with finger-nails well painted, could easily be expected to be a good putter and chipper, but by no manner of means capable of hitting the ball very far. We are wrong again: Miss "X" hits her tee shots like a horse kicking, and her iron shots like Miss Joy Winn; but when she gets to the green, she cannot putt for toffee.

From the above cases you will see that it is extremely

(Concluded on page vi)

Lanson

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THE CHOICE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

# News by Air

## By Charles Ward

***More Flying Everywhere***

INCREASED interest in the air as the medium for defence and also for mail-carrying has stimulated flying for all other purposes, especially for sport. Club flying is sport and as such it is administered by the Royal Aero Club, and is in receipt of a very useful subsidy from the Government. This latter, during last year alone, has enabled more than 10,000 people to enjoy flying at a reasonable price and, since the Club movement started some ten years ago, it has been mainly responsible for the supremacy of the British light aeroplane in all parts of the world. The construction of aircraft has not been subsidised, but the demand from the clubs for sturdy and reliable trainers and the purchase by pilots of light 'planes for touring has accounted for many thousands of Moths, Hawks, Cadets, Klemms—at least twenty different types—which otherwise would have had a very small sale. Last year, forty of the leading clubs flew nearly 60,000 hours, which is almost six million miles at the present average speed. One hundred and eighty aircraft were in the air for an average of 330 hours, almost exactly the same as in 1935. The South Coast Club at Shoreham seems to have been most intense, with 540 hours on each of two 'planes, and Brooklands is next, flying nine for 4126 hours. Of the new light aircraft, the Miles Whitney Straight is on order in considerable numbers for use especially at the chain of aerodromes under the control of Whitney Straight. These include Ramsgate, Ipswich and Plymouth, where schools are already in full operation. The only aeroplane to be exhibited at the B.I.F. this year is the improved Monospar de Luxe, a four-seater low-wing monoplane built by General Aircraft at Hanworth. Its two Pobjoy Niagara engines give it a speed of 140 miles an hour and it can, of course, maintain height on either engine if the other should fail. A new feature is a twin rudder, which makes for greater stability in rough weather and general ease of control. Public interest in aviation has been most noticeable at recent exhibitions. That organised by the Air Mail Society provided a fascinating lesson in the development of flying for trade and travel. There were examples of letters carried by balloon post during the Siege of Paris in 1870; the first London-Paris service after the European War; the General Strike in 1926, as well as many rare covers flown on pioneer flights. Airport fashions and a magnificent collection of photographs taken from the air are the main features of an exhibition assembled by the Royal Institute of British Architects, which is to tour the country until the middle of next year.

*This picture of gliding illustrates a popular sport, encouraged in Germany by substantial grants from the Government. An international meeting for distance and altitude records will be held at the Wasserkuppe in July*

*Forhans Goes Deeper*

Half-way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, spongy gums! Forhans brand dentifrice does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection.

Why take chances with your teeth?

Begin to-day to use Forhans original dentifrice. Notice how much fresher it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhans was created by one of the world's leading dental surgeons. There is no substitute. Ask for Forhans to-day.

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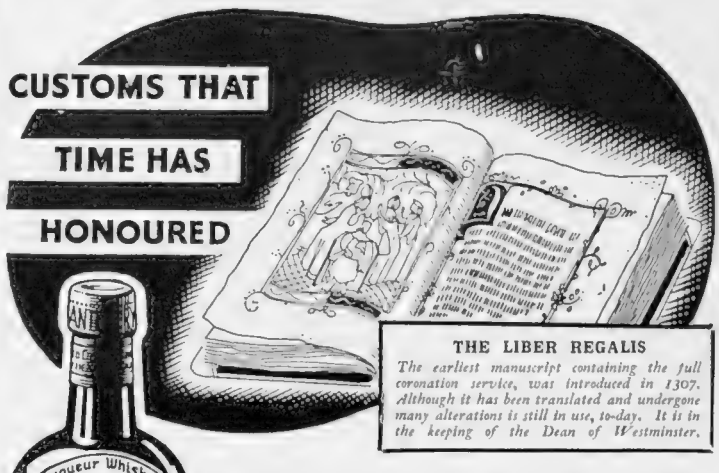

SILENCE is the appreciation that men reserve for the finest creations of Time. And men of experience have tried in vain to describe the mellow perfection of this fine old Liqueur Scotch Whisky—the first and best of its kind. But the fact that they always insist upon The "Antiquary", and enjoy it equally with water or soda, is sufficient proof of their appreciation.

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## J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

*(Continued from page ii)*

difficult to guess the form of golfers from their appearances, and it is even more difficult to guess it from their hand-writing or typing; so, please, if you are playing at Felixstowe, relieve me of the necessity of having to attempt to do so.

THE proposal made by the Professional Golfers' Association to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews to prevent players engaging their own caddies for the Open Championship, and other big tournaments, is certain to meet with the disapproval of golfers generally. It is also proposed that in future caddies should be drawn for, and that a fixed fee of ten shillings per day be imposed.

These proposals can do little good, they will be extremely difficult to enforce, and are certain to lead to a lot of hanky-panky. Those players who indulge in a large amount of practice, require their caddies to be present when they are practising, to retrieve their balls, and any others that may fall near them. It is clear that players can avoid the fixed fee, if they wish to do so, and pay their caddies any amount per day they desire, the sum in excess of ten shillings being the fee for the services of the caddies at practice. If, to avoid this difficulty, it is decided that the fee of ten shillings shall include the services of the caddie at practice, it will be a most unfair decision, as some players practise before they start, at lunch-time, and again after their afternoon rounds; while others practise very little or not at all. A caddie carrying for a practiser would have to work nearly two hours more per day than a caddie carrying for a man who does not practise.

I MUST also say that I think all the talk about the importance of having a really good caddie is rather nonsense. Provided a golfer knows the course on which he is playing (and every competitor does in the Open Championship and the big tournaments), and is not either mentally or physically deficient, he can surely judge better than his caddie the line of a putt and the club required for a shot. If he cannot do so, the sooner he learns, the better it will be for himself, his partners, and his opponents. One of the many ludicrous sights on golf courses is to see a man of about fifty years of age ask a boy of about eleven years old the line of a putt, hit the ball off the heel or the toe of the club, and then curse his caddie for giving him the wrong line, and it is by no means uncommon.

I am perfectly satisfied with my caddie if he carries the clubs properly, keeps still, does not damage my bag, does not do anything which loses me the hole, or penalty strokes, and has the club for the next shot out of the bag, ready for me to attempt to use. It surely does not require a very intelligent man to carry out these duties which I have enumerated in an efficient manner. Much time is wasted by caddies not having the club for the next shot ready; even if he takes out the wrong club, no time is lost. You see, far too often, when the balls are on the green, a caddie still looking in the bag for his master's putter, and thus delaying the playing of the next shot and with it the course.

*First pair away at Walton Heath were T. S. Winton (Downing) and J. W. D. Goodban (Christ's). In the singles the former beat D. S. Allom 5 and 4, the latter lost to R. R. Costain 7 and 6—a couple of heavy results*

*glimpse at a Pump Room supper dance*

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primarily, of course, a spa, where health is regained——or maintained——by the scientific application of the radio-active waters of its Hot Springs——and it *is enjoyable* to feel pain slipping away and stiffened limbs growing suppler as the cure proceeds——but BATH is no less a pleasant place for the well——golf, and an approach course in the Park for the less strenuous, hunting, squash, badminton, swimming——music, the Pump Room Orchestra under Maurice Miles, world-famous soloists——dances, shops of interest and character——and all around the lovable West Country, "smiling in the sunshine."

*Illustrated Handbook, particulars of the inclusive Bath Cure Ticket, and the new standardised tariff, and all information from Pump Room Bureau (Dept. 21) BATH.*

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CLEAN AND SMOOTH TO THE PALATE

# The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (15th Year)

*The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1937, will be held at Birkdale, Lancashire, by kind invitation, April 13th to April 16th. Also N.P.F.A. competition.*

*Holders:* Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp.

## HOTELS

The "Bystander" headquarters will be the Smedley Hydro Hotel, Southport.

Special Terms:

14s. 6d. each per day, inclusive of all meals, after dinner coffee, and baths of all description.

## CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Wednesday, March 24th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing. Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 22nd should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points

## "Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (6th Year)

*Holder of Challenge Trophy:* Miss Bonner Davis.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Birkdale during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Lancashire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given.

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 13th, to Friday, April 16th, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; further ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Birkdale, may decide.

BIRKDALE NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Fifteenth Year)

### ENTRY FORM

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The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Birkdale, on April 13th, 1937, and following days.

*Please enter*

*Mrs.* }
*Miss* } .....

*of* .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address* .....

*Telephone number*.....

*To play in the above handicap foursomes with*

*Mrs.* }
*Miss* } .....

*of* .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address* .....

*Telephone number* .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 9th, to Smedley Hydro Hotel, Southport. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Southport 67007.

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# Getting Married:

## The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

### Patricia Mary Pelham

*Is the only daughter of the Rev. Walter and Mrs. Pelham, of Chilton Foliat Rectory, Hungerford, and is engaged to Charles Reginald Albrecht, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Albrecht, of Homelea, Linnell Drive, N.W.11*

Catherine Bell

### Olga McDonald

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. McDonald, of 104, Harley Street, W.1, and The Old Priory, Steeple Mordeu, Cambs.; she is engaged to Harry Roland Woosnam Mills, of Colombo, Ceylon*

Yvonne Gregory

### Patricia Wysard

*Is the daughter of Mr. Walter Wysard, of Whitchurch, Oxon (and the sister of Tony Wysard), and is engaged to David Baker, eldest son of Mr. Charles Baker, of Letcombe Manor, Wantage, Berkshire*

Lenare

### Betty Watson

*Is the youngest daughter of the late Reginald Watson, C.M.G., and Mrs. Watson, of 7, Bickenhall Mansions, W.1, and is engaged to Herbert Payne, of Rangoon, Burma, youngest son of the late C. C. Payne and Mrs. Payne, of Barkston Gardens, S.W.*

Bassano

### Betty Taylor

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark Taylor, of Bank House, Felixstowe, Suffolk, and is engaged to Louis Gordon Oliphant Hutchison, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hutchison, of Strathairly, Upper Largo, Fife*

Mannell

### Ann Romer

*Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carrol Romer, of Barkers, Amersham Common, Bucks.; she is engaged to Thomas Albert Hahn, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hahn, of Missbourne Lodge, Great Missenden*

Lenare

### Doreen Hartley

*Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hartley, of Newton Manor, Gosforth, Cumberland, and is engaged to George Cavaghan, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Cavaghan, of Aglionby Grange, Carlisle*

### Phyllis Griffie-Williams

*Is the younger daughter of Mr. J. H. Griffie-Williams and Mrs. N. L. Griffie-Williams, of 83a, Alexandra Road, N.W.8, and is engaged to Anthony Lister Walsh, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, of 31, St. Mary Abbot's Court, W.14*

Fayer of Vienna

### Joan Trevelyan

*Is the elder daughter of Sir Walter Trevelyan, Bt., and Lady Trevelyan, of Nettlecombe Court, Williton, Somerset, and 4e, Portman Mansions, W., and is engaged to Garnet Wolseley, the portrait-painter*

Lenare

### Kathleen Archer-Shee

*Kathleen Winifrede Archer-Shee, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Sir Martin Archer-Shee and Lady Archer-Shee, of Ashurst Lodge, Ascot, Berks., is engaged to Capt. C. D. Miller, 10th Hussars, son of the late T. B. Miller and Mrs. Miller, of Kingscote Park, Tetbury, Glos.*

Lenare

### Mary Elizabeth German

*Is the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. German, of Highfields, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and is engaged to Charles Mitchell-Innes, son of the late A. H. Mitchell-Innes and Mrs. Mitchell-Innes, of Whitehall, Chirmside, Berwickshire*

Catherine Bell

### Katharine Hodgson

*Is the only child of the late Capt. Francis F. Hodgson, 84th Punjab Regiment, and Mrs. Hodgson, of 35, Elsham Road, W.14; she is engaged to William Gordon Welchman, son of the Archdeacon of Bristol and the late Mrs. Welchman*

*Wells — Witchurch*

*Henry Wells, son of the late Sir William Wells and Lady Wells, J.P., of Ashleigh, Wimbledon, and Rosemary Haliday Witchurch, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Haliday Witchurch, of Sutton, Surrey, were married at St. Mary's, Wimbledon*

*Carrington — Sanday*

*Harold Moorhead Francis Carrington, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Carrington, of Silverdale, Carnforth, and Patricia Cecil Sanday, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cecil Sanday, of 41, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place*

*Macmillan — Molteno*

*Peter Hugh Macmillan, R.A., only surviving son of the Bishop of Guildford and Mrs. Macmillan, of Bishop's House, Farnham Castle, and Viola Mary Molteno, only daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. V. B. Molteno, of Goldhill, Farnham, were married by the bridegroom's father at Farnham*

*Campbell — Tennyson Smith*

*Brig.-Gen. John Campbell, V.C., late Coldstream Guards, second son of the late Captain the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Campbell, and Margaret Tennyson Smith, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. Tennyson Smith, of Rodborough House, Bournemouth, were Married at St. John's, Bournemouth*

*Jameson — Coles*

*At St. Stephen's, South Kensington, Leander Jameson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Irvine Jameson, of 19, Beaufort Gardens, S.W., and Johannesburg, married Katharine Doris Coles, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howell Coles, of Woodshill, Pulborough, Sussex*

*Porter — Raymont Came*

*Albert Renfrew Porter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Renfrew Porter, of Avening Court, Glos., married Valerie Raymont Came at St. Martin-in-the-Fields; she is the daughter of the late Richard Raymont Came and Mrs. Came, of 8, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.*

*Jervis-Read — Jameson*

*J. V. B. Jervis-Read, Royal Engineers, married Valerie Jameson, daughter of the late Lieut.-Cmdr. A. G. Jameson, R.N., and Mrs. Jameson, at Holy Trinity, Sliema, Malta. The bride was given away by her mother and led up the aisle by Admiral Sir Dudley Pound, C.-in-C., Mediterranean Fleet*

*Adams — Drury-Lowe*

*Captain Bryan Adams, R.N., of 21, Route de Florissant, Geneva, second son of the late G. H. Adams and Mrs. Adams, married Pamela Drury-Lowe, only daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Drury-Lowe, of 106, Hamilton Terrace, N.W., at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street*

# The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

## February 24 — March 2

**First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies**

## THEATRES

### Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Entrancing production, décor and acting, with Edith Evans as Rosalind getting every ounce of loveliness out of Shakespeare; good support from Marie Ney and Michael Redgrave and others: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CANDIDA.—Athene Seyler as Prossie, Nicholas Hannen as Morrell, Stephen Haggard as Marchbanks get most of Shaw's richness across to the audience; an excellent curtain-raiser gives Wendy Toye a chance which she takes: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—The impressive historical with Barry Jones and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is now at the Cambridge, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, opposite Louis Borell: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LE MISANTHROPE.—The Cambridge Arts production of Molière with Lydia Lopokova as Célimène and Couperin music: Ambassadors, 8.30.

THE RIPENING WHEAT.—Rhys Davies' romantic play has Edith Sharpe, Sarah Erskine and Geoffrey Keen to interpret: Royalty, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.40.

STRANGE BARRIER.—Gillian Maude makes the best of good dialogue in a ridiculous plot: Little, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Laurence Olivier plays Toby Belch, Jessica Tandy and Ivy St. Helier are in support in Guthrie's production: Old Vic, 8.

UNCLE VANYA.—Chekhov is splendidly staged and shouldn't be missed; Harcourt Williams as Vanya, Lydia Sherwood as Elena, Cecil Trouncer as the doctor: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WISE TO-MORROW.—Almost enthralling and almost witty, the plot gives Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill good chances, and Naunton Wayne some good lines: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

BIG BUSINESS.—Jack Waller's new musical with all the old gang—Howes, Watson, Pearce, and Belmore: Hippodrome, 8.15.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

ON YOUR TOES.—Cheerful, catchy strong musical comedy, ordinary but well done; Jack Whiting, Gina Malo, Olive Blakeney: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 89.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson best of a good cast: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

### Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Wanda Rotha and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BEHIND YOUR BACK.—Mary Glynne, Marjorie Mars and Esmé Percy play ready-made characters in a drama of the theatre foyer: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

## Pictures

**In this issue of the following plays: *On Your Toes, Candida, Retreat from Folly*, and the following films: *I, Claudius, Theodora Goes Wild* and *Fire Over England*.**

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

SUSPECT.—Suspense of suspicion is held to the end by Mary Morris in a grim part, with well-groomed support from Stafford Hilliard, Campbell Gullan and David Horne; a past crime makes present thrills: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

### First Nights

RETREAT FROM FOLLY.—Typical Tempest part for Marie, with Graham Browne as her opposite (and producer) and Paul Leyssac and Antoinette Cellier: Queen's, to-night, 21th

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Joyce Barbour and Jane Baxter in Gerald Savory's comedy: Wyndham's, Thurs., 25th.

## CINEMAS

AREN'T MEN BEASTS! (British)—Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton continue their stage parts of slap-stick farce on the screen, with Billy Milton and June Clyde in support: New Gallery.

DREAMING LIPS (British).—Emotional high-jinks by Bergner with Massey as the temperamentvoll violinist and Romney Brent as the husband: London Pavilion.

GOOD MORNING, BOYS! (British)—Will Hay's newest is well up to standard for those who like him, with Lilli Palmer as an added attraction: Tivoli.

THE GREAT BARRIER (British).—Richard Arlen pushes a railway through the Rockies and saves Antoinette Cellier's life, despite murderous riots and Lilli Palmer's very decided charms: Gaumont.

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (British).—Flora Robson (as Queen Elizabeth), Leslie Banks, Raymond Massey, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier head the heavy cast that moves across a rich tapestry of Elizabethan England: Leicester Square.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Hörbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

MAID OF SALEM (American).—Claudette Colbert (believe it or not) is a puritan maid and Fred MacMurray the man who secures that innocent heart, in a rural, 1692 setting: Carlton.

MAZURKA (Austrian).—Pola Negri's new film, directed by Forst, with a coming star, Ingaborg Theek; well up to Forst standard: Curzon.

O.H.M.S. (British).—With a khaki background and some Chinese bandits and Wallace Ford, John Mills and Anna Lee, this is good propaganda and good entertainment: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE PLAINSMAN (American).—Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur together again in de Mille's big frontier saga of pioneer days: Plaza.

THEODORA GOES WILD (American).—Irene Dunne has won much praise for her acting of this well-made, satirical part, and Melvyn Douglas gives polished support: Regal.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE (British).—Successful film of Jack Buchanan's and Elsie Randolph's successful musical: Empire.

## OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

RIGOLETTO.—To-night, 24th, 8.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Thurs., 25th, 8.

BORIS GODUNOV.—Fri., 26th, 7.45.

RIGOLETTO.—Sat., 27th, 8.

## BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

COPPÉLIA, BAISER DE LA FÉE.—Sat., 27th, 2.30.

LE LAC DES CYGNES.—Tues., 2nd, 8.30.

BALLET RAMBERT.—Prolonged season under Marie Rambert's direction at the Duchess, 8.40.

## MUSIC

### Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Ernest Ansermet conducts, Lionel Tertis is the soloist in Walton's Viola concerto; also Hindemith's "Mathis" and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy": Queen's Hall, to-night, 24th, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts, Edwin Fischer is the soloist in first London performance of Pfitzner's piano concerto; also Rimsky-Korsakov, Sibelius and Delius: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 25th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, 3.15.

QUEEN'S HALL SUNDAY CONCERT.—Wood conducts, in Vaughan Williams' "Wasps" overture, Beethoven's seventh symphony and Wagner's Rhinemaidens' song: 3.30.

POWELL DUFFRYN MALE VOICE CHOIR.—With Millicent Ward (soprano) and Harold Rubens (piano): Queen's Hall, Mon., 1st, 8.15.

COLOGNE CHAMBER MUSIC ORCHESTRA.—Alexander Kraack conducts in a programme including Handel, Mozart, Vivaldi, Bach: Queen's Hall, Tues., 2nd, 8.15.

THE KING OF GLORY.—Fairbairn's pageant of the Passion: Albert Hall, 8. Sat., 2.30 (last five performances).

### Recital

RUTH SLENCZYNSKI.—The American child pianist: Queen's Hall, Fri., 26th, 8.

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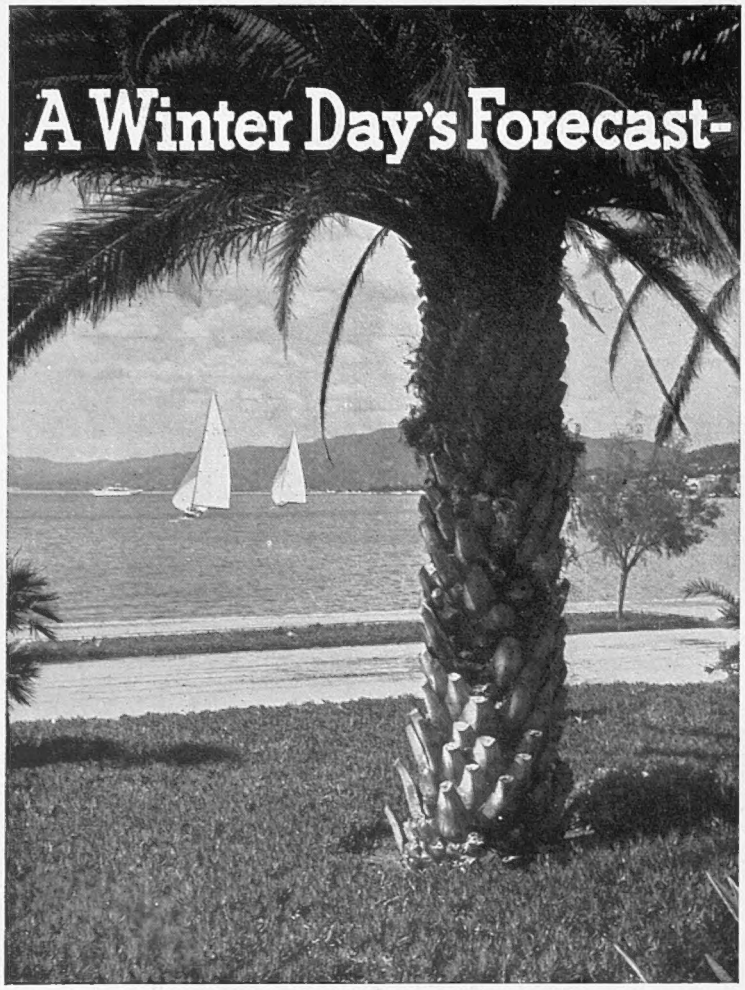

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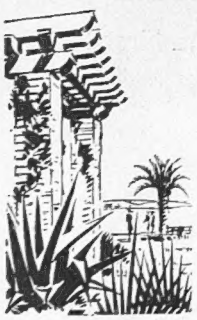

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# "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

*Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men*

The Fifth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

## FELIXSTOWE

on March 20th and 21st, 1937

*(Headquarters: The Felix Hotel)*

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

*Holder:* S. H. R. Hornby (Burnham & Berrow G. C.).

## • Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 20th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 20th will be posted to each competitor by March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

## • Railway and Hotel Arrangements for the Week-End

The L.N.E.R. will issue to competitors staying at the Felix Hotel combined rail and hotel week-end tickets (Friday to Monday) by any train from Liverpool Street, and also from Bishop's Stortford, Bury St. Edmunds, Cambridge, Chelmsford, Newmarket and Norwich, at the inclusive price of £4 2s.

This ticket includes first-class return railway journey, dinner on the train or at the hotel on Friday, full board at the Felix Hotel on the Saturday and Sunday, with the alternative of lunch at the club-house, breakfast at the hotel or on the train on Monday morning, green fees, free use of the hard tennis or squash courts, free conveyance of luggage between the station and the hotel.

Competitors not taking advantage of the inclusive ticket will be required to pay green fees.

## • Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the **Golf Editor, The BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale.**

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Felix Hotel by noon on March 19th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • No Entrance Fee

### "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Felixstowe on Saturday, March 20th and Sunday, March 21st

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap.....

Address .....

.....

Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with.....in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round. *(Strike out one of these.)*

There is no entrance fee. I enclose a handicap certificate.

*(Signed)*.....

# THE CORONATION RECORD NUMBER of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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